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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

THE DUTY OF THE FREE STATES.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

Before the Committee on Federal Relations,

IN SUPPORT OF THE PETITION ASKING FOR A LAW TO PREVENT THE RECAPTURE OF FUGITIVE SLAVES,

In the Hall of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, February 17, 1859.

Phonographically reported for The Liberator, by Mr. YERRINTON.

MR. CHAIRMAN: Allow me to read the petition for which we appear:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

We, the undersigned, citizens of Massachusetts, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, by any one claiming him on the ground that he "owes service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

That petition, Mr. Chairman, lies before you, it is said, with some fifteen thousand signatures. Some of these petitions you will find endorsed by the gentlemen who head and send them to you, with a statement to this effect: "I could have got almost every or every legal voter in the town, if I had had the time or the leisure to have circulated this petition more widely"; and in a few of the towns, we are assured that every legal voter, or three-quarters, or two-thirds, of them, have signed this petition.

I understand from the remarks of Mr. Higginson that some objection has been made to what is called organized effort in this matter. I am not aware of any organisation; but if there were, I should not be ashamed of it. Why have not the minority a right to organize as well as the majority? I know no reason why you, sitting in this hall, wielding the character and resources of the State, representing, as you say, a majority, with that statute-book for your expression, have a right to organization, to presses, to funds, to a system, and that we, a minority, endeavoring to create a public opinion that shall change that statute-book, have not a right to use the same means.

I do not shrink from any charge of organization. When our forefathers began to resist the British government, they organized committees, clubs, companies, governments, institutions of all kinds. I have never heard it charged as a fault upon the Whigs of 1775 that they did not fight single-handed; that they organized; that they had committees; that they corresponded; that they issued circulars. We take now, reverently, from the trembling hand of History, the very circular which Sam Adams sent out from Boston, to array the public sentiment of the Colony in favor of independence, and worship it. Who shall say, to-day, that men, also seeking to marshal the State in behalf of liberty, have no right to circulars, to organization, to a system? I scout the idea. Who is the mocking wrangler that denies our right to organize, to pay agents, and send them out into every town and school district in the Commonwealth? If we can do better than the majority, we have a right to do it. It is no objection to any movement that it is systematic and organized; if it be so, it is all the better.

As to the doubt whether that petition represents the public sentiment of the State, you know, gentlemen, as well as I do, that it does represent it. You know as well as I do—and you do not need our evidence to assure you of the fact—that you cannot find one respectable man in a hundred who is ready to look his fellow-citizens in the face, and declare, "I mean to help the slave-hunter in catching his slave." Let some trading office-seeker or shameless hound say so, and the universal shrinking and loathing of the community show in what an infinite minority he stands. You know that when, bolstered by office, tempted by salary, or bribed by ambition, here and there one man can be found ready to say, "I should like to see a slave-hunt, and join in it; the Fugitive Slave bill ought to be executed"—you know well that, bred in Massachusetts, and vaunting himself as loudly as he may, not one in ten can stand fire, but when you bring him face to face with a fugitive slave, he shrinks from his own principles.

Now, all we ask, substantially, in this petition, is this—that you shall organize the public sentiment of Massachusetts into a statute. There will be, in this Senate and House, not one-tenth part ready to hold up their hands and say, "We ourselves are free to execute the Fugitive Slave bill." I do not believe that one-tenth part of your joint bodies will be found ready to do it. Then why should you, as a Legislature, hesitate to say, "That which each one of us shrinks from doing shall not be done"? Ought not the law to represent public opinion? We have, some of us, an awful idea of law, as if it were some granite pillar, around which the floating particles of human life aggregate themselves as iron filings round the magnet; we imagine that it is an oak, rooted; that no one can touch it; that we are all mere incidents of it; whereas law is as fluid as anything else. As Emerson says, Law is a mere memorandum, stating that yesterday a certain body of men thought so; and, in effect, the voice of that statute-book simply is, "Living men! what do you think to-day? Your fathers thought thus yesterday; what do you think to-day?" We ask you to answer that question. The people of this Commonwealth are disgusted with, conscientiously opposed to, and hate, the hunting of the fugitive on our soil; and we ask you to put on the statute-book that which every man says by his own hearth-stone, and would be ashamed to deny.

We come to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Mr. Higginson alluded to the request we make to-day, as running singularly parallel to the long line of her history. Are you aware that this State, which you represent, was the first sovereign State, so far as I know, either in Europe or America, that abolished negro slavery, and that when she did it, she abolished it immediately and unconditionally? In 1777, the people of Vermont met in an informal convention, not recognized as a government, and adopted a Constitution that abolished slavery. They were not recognized as a body politic until 1791. But in 1780—the first date, so far as I know, in all history, where a distinct political sovereignty acted upon the question—Massachusetts, by the first line of her Constitution, placed there by Judge Lowell, *for that purpose*, distinctly, immediately and unconditionally abolished slavery; and I have a manuscript report of a case by Chief Justice Cushing, acted upon immediately subsequent, in which he quotes these words as immediately abolishing slavery within the State. I am aware, of course, of the gradual extinction of white villenage by various forms of State action. And I remember the ground taken even on negro slavery by the *Courts*, first of France, and then of England. But Massachusetts, I believe, was the first recognized sovereignty to abolish negro slavery by solemn act. It is therefore with good reason that we now ask you, a Massachusetts Legislature, to occupy that same van to-day. I think we have a right to claim it of such a government.

Why do we ask it, gentlemen? We ask it for this reason, that within the last few years we have sent nearly four hundred fugitives from Massachusetts. We did not dare to advise them to stay. We could not take it upon our consciences to ask them to undergo the risk of remaining under your laws. Whatever we might have done individually, we could not ask another man to risk his liberty. Within a few years, nearly four hundred, probably many more unknown to us, have quitted this Commonwealth. Now, who are these fugitives? They are men and women, who have shown a better title to liberty than we have, for we were only born *free*; they were born as free, essentially, though under slave laws, and, taking life and danger in their right hands, have vindicated their title to freedom by enduring perils that make the blood curdle even to hear. Brave men and tender women, feeling the breath of hounds upon their naked limbs, bearing musket shot in their still bleeding flesh, risking death by angry floods, on frozen rivers, by starvation, in boxes, on railroad cars, deep in the hold of heavy laden ships—mothers bringing the little child's body who has sunk to death in their arms—daughters flying from a fate worse than death—these showing forth a manhood which only the highest hours of history can equal—at last set foot upon the soil of this Commonwealth. Is there any nobler exile that the State can welcome? Is it not enough to shame a Massachusetts man that such men and women, the noblest blood of the earth, are not safe under her laws? Can a man be blamed for wishing that the statute-book should welcome and protect them, instead of obliging them to avoid the Commonwealth? In 1641, our fathers, just landed, proclaimed that Massachusetts had open arms for all exiles, all fugitives from tyranny and oppression; "to such," says Bancroft, "she *offered a free welcome and aid at the public cost.* The nation, by a special statute, made the fugitive and the persecuted the *guests* of the Commonwealth."*

That, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, is the civilization which you represent. It is in the spirit of that statute, it is following the great constitutional movement of 1780, that we ask your action on that petition to-day. We want you to go further than Vermont does—we want you specifically to enact that any person seized, or in custody in this Commonwealth, by virtue of any process under the so-called Fugitive Slave act, shall be liberated by *habeas corpus*, issuing from the Supreme Bench of this Commonwealth. We ask you, in distinct words, to set at nought the unconstitutional enactment of the United States; and I will proceed, as briefly as possible, to tell you on what ground we place our request.

My colleague [Mr. Higginson] has asked the question, whether this is a constitutional request. He means constitutional in view of the United States Constitution. In the first place, gentlemen, I shall step behind the United States Constitution. I remember that you—Massachusetts—were a sovereignty before the United States existed. Massachusetts is not to me, whatever it may be to you, a mere bob to the kite of the Constitution of 1787. Massachusetts is no private corporation, under the great National organization. I claim more of you than that. You were a government in 1630: of that living thread I take hold. God planted you a civil society. Our fathers came here to set up a government. They did so; and you exist as its representatives. We do not address you—the Legislature of Massachusetts—as a subordinate Committee of the United States government. We address you as the civil society of Massachusetts, planted by the children of the Mayflower and the Arabella, and existing here to-day a civil government. As such, as a civil government, we remind you of your obligation before God, to "execute justice between man and man." No matter that one man *calls* another man his property, and, pointing to a parchment, claims your aid in holding him as a brute; we remind you of your own words, "all men are born free," and that the *sovereignty* which claims *submission* owes *protection*. You tell us in reply to that claim, "We have fettered our broad sovereignty by agreeing to the Constitution of the United States." We deny your right. You tell us, "The unlimited sovereignty of the Old Colony, bound to execute justice between man and man, we have put away by the so-called slave clause." We deny your capacity to do it. We assert that you sit here as the legislators of a sovereign State. If anybody, either by you or before you, has agreed to limit that sovereignty by an unholy compact, it is not binding, and you have no right to regard it. Civil government, it is stated in the preamble of our Constitution, is "a voluntary association, a social compact." So it is; but compacts, when they become civil governments, have a peculiar character.

This girdle of earth which you call Massachusetts can have but one such corporation in it. There may be a thousand banks in Massachusetts; there may be a hundred temperance societies; there may be any number of manufacturing corporations; they may make their own by-laws, and establish their own fundamental principles; but civil government is necessarily exclusive—there can be but one within a certain space of land. From that flows this principle—every man on that soil has a certain right and claim in regard to that civil society. God has placed him there, or he has exercised his free will in coming there, as he had a right to do. We have no right, because we were born on the soil of Massachusetts, to shut any man out of it. Who gave us any such right?

If, then, civil government be a corporation necessarily exclusive, a certain tampering with the interests and rights of every man residing on this soil, then follows the fundamental principle of jurists, that these corporations are bound by the laws of God, which they have no right to violate; for God has given certain inalienable rights to each individual of the mass, and no vote of the majority can take these rights away. They cannot say to a man, as a mere civil corporation may, a bank for instance, "If your moral sense does not approve of this provision of our charter, you need not come under it; we, whose moral sense says 'Aye' to it, will come under it; you are not obliged to." The majority of Massachusetts are not competent to say to one single man on the soil of the State, "We have violated your inalienable and natural rights, and meant to; if you do not like it, go!" There is a law above this, which says, "All your provisions in this kind of corporation must be within the girdle of right!" I know no authority but Thomas Paine—except the present Democratic party—that has denied it. In 1791, Thomas Paine published his "Rights of Man," in which he lays it down as a fundamental proposition that what a whole nation chooses to do, it has a right to do. All other jurists have always laid down the principle that a nation has no right to do, however large the majority, that which is unjust.

Now, from that principle, I am going to deduce this: A negro stands in this Commonwealth; he has come here, and chooses to reside here. We have no right to say he shall not. God gave him the right to live and move, and he chooses his residence, wherever he pleases. This government assumes the great prerogative, and with it the great responsibility, of civil society, which says to him: "Give up your right to self-defence. You shall not fall back upon your natural right as a human being; we have instituted courts; we have ordained laws; we have set up institutions; we call upon you to surrender your extreme rights as an individual, and allow yourselves to be protected according to our institutions." They have a right to say that; that is what civil society, as an ordinance of God, has a right to claim; but the correlative duty remains. When you have claimed your right to say that, the burden rests upon you efficiently to protect that man, whose hands you tie, whose moral and natural rights, as an individual, you fetter. This is the responsibility which civil society assumes by virtue of its constitution and nature. It undertakes to protect each individual to the utmost, and to do him justice, no matter how small the right which is violated—no matter how great the peril which protecting him incurs.

The logic is inevitable; the link is iron. No man can vindicate that statute-book on any principle of morals. I put it fearlessly to any man who sits in this House, under free institutions, whether I claim any more than the nature of the contract justifies. You say to the fugitive slave temporarily within this Commonwealth, "Put down that pistol! Chain those arms to your side! We do not permit violence in our streets. If a man hinders you, there is the Court; if a man assails you, there are the police; if you have need of protection, refer to us." He says to you, "I claim as a man, pursued by an armed enemy, and myself forgotten by the law, to set at nought your civil society." You say, "We will hang you if you do." I grant the right to hang flows from the doctrine that vests civil society with its sovereignty; but it follows from this that the power which claims to hang is bound to protect. The man whose hands you tie should be covered with the ægis of the Commonwealth, and you are bound to see that he suffers no injustice from any other man, within or without your jurisdiction, so far as you have the physical force to prevent it. This noble right and function Geneva asserted and exercised; receiving the hunted reformers within her walls, and for centuries, with only a band's breadth of territory, protected them from the rage of three kingdoms. Massachusetts, in her feeblest hour, protected the judges of Charles the I. from the fury of his sons.

If you say to me, in reply, "Our fathers swore, in 1787 that when we had tied that man hand and foot, we would surrender him," I say, there issues from the throne of Infinite Truth the veto which says to you, legislators, to civil society, "*If you exist, execute justice between man and man*" (applause). I appeal to you, therefore, as the civil society which our fathers planted, which has never yet ceased to exist, which the labors and trials of half a dozen generations perfected in this Commonwealth; I claim of you, as legislators, by virtue of that civilization, that you set your foot upon the unholy compact which is not binding upon the conscience, and cannot rightfully fetter the action of anything that undertakes to exist as a sovereign State under God's government.

I will not insist upon that point any further, for I suppose I have made it as evident as is necessary to this Committee. It disposes at once of all constitutional objections. Whatever you may tell me of your sovereignty, I criticise it in that guise. You cannot get away from your responsibility. Massachusetts existed; she was set up; she is in full being; she undertakes, as a sovereign State, to retain so much of that sovereignty as binds the citizen and every inhabitant of her soil to submission; and therefore there rests upon her the burden of that principle, that she is bound to protect the citizen. It does not lay in any one of your mouths—you who undertake to execute the high functions of a sovereign State, to write laws on that statute-book, to erect your State prison and your gallows—it does not lie in any of your mouths to say, "We have fettered our hands by a compact." You have no right to do it; it is not binding upon you to-day. The gallows which you erect to-day, if you obey the Fugitive Slave act to-morrow, is murder; the guilt of blood is upon your individual consciences, for God's law does not recognize that as a State which abjures its high functions, and pleads its own base contracts and gainful treaties, as reasons for not "executing justice between man and man." Logically stated, our claim is this:

Any organization which undertakes to levy compulsory taxes, to define and punish crimes, to forbid or limit the natural right of self defence, and to take life, is a *government* in the strictest and fullest sense—and may justly be held to all the responsibility that attaches to sovereignty under God's law.

No government has a right to violate the laws of justice or of God.

Every innocent individual who will obey all just and necessary laws may choose his place of residence.

No government can rightfully drive such a one from its territory, or refuse to exert its whole power to protect him from injustice and oppression.

No body of men have any such exclusive title to a specific territory as authorizes them to drive from it others willing to live in peace under just laws. No plea of danger to their interests gives them a right to drive the hunted fugitive from their borders. The smallest and weakest States have nobly met this obligation in most trying times.

The fugitive slave is such an individual—and our State cannot rightfully plead any compact or agreement to surrender him, or allow him to be seized; since she has herself, by solemn act, recognized the eternal truth that "all men are born free"—showing that she *sees* the truth, and is therefore *bound* to obey it.

If any such parchment contract exists, it is void for immorality, and from *incapacity* of the contracting parties to make such a compact.

But to come down lower. I leave that question, and ask, suppose you are under the United States Constitution, is the Statute we ask for constitutional under the Constitution of 1787? Well, gentlemen, I am perfectly ready to allow that there have been extreme theories of constitutional law, which make this claim of the petitioners unconstitutional. I am perfectly willing to allow—and I never wish the committee for a moment to forget it—that Mr. Webster, in the great debate with Hayne, claimed a stereotyped fixedness for constitutional law which shuts out the possibility of the action we ask. No doubt of it, gentlemen. But theory is one thing; practice is another. Let me read you an extract from a speech which that same Mr. Webster made in 1851 (at Capon Springs). After he had stated, in a previous part of the speech, as strongly as possible, his views in regard to this very question of the obligation of the North, under the Constitution, to return fugitive slaves, and you may therefore suppose him to have had that point specially in his mind, what does he say?

"To preserve that Union, we must observe, in good faith, the Constitution and its parts. If that Constitution be not observed and its provisions set aside, the whole of it ceases to be binding. It would be absurd to suppose that either the North or the South has the power or the right to violate any part of that Constitution, and then claim from the other observance of its provisions. If the South were to violate any part of the Constitution, would the North be any longer bound by it? and if the North were deliberately to violate any part of it, would the South be bound any longer to observe its obligations? How absurd it would be to suppose, when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, that either can disregard any one provision, and expect the other to observe it!"

This, gentlemen, is the practical application of the doctrine of constitutional obligation, by the jurist himself. He lays down the principle that we are to obey the Constitution at any rate; he says that the slave clause is in the Constitution, and therefore the North is bound to obey it. Then, he asks—he is talking of the obligation of the South to obey the Constitution, if the North has violated it—allowing the North has violated the Constitution, is the South bound to keep it? Not a bit of it! It two parties make a compact, and one breaks it, the other is not bound by it. That is the practical doctrine of Daniel Webster.

I had once the honor of a conversation with John Quincy Adams on this very subject. I asked him if he ever intended to assist in sending back a fugitive. "No," was the reply. "How," I inquired, "do you reconcile that with your oath to support the Constitution of the United States?" "O, the South has violated the Constitution." Whenever there comes an actual conflict of opinion, the stringent theory of obedience cracks, and these statesmen acknowledge the common law principle, resting on a higher and broader basis, that the violation of a contract by one of the parties absolves the other, to a great extent, if not entirely.

So Mr. Adams, in 1819, when Missouri was about to be admitted (as reported in his life, by Hon. Josiah Quincy), declared that Congress, by their sanction of the Missouri Constitution, by admitting that State into the Union without excepting against that article which distranchised a portion of the citizens of Massachusetts, had violated the Constitution of the United States. "Therefore, until that portion of the citizens of Massachusetts whose rights were violated by the article in the Missouri Compromise should be reintegrated in the full enjoyment and possession of those rights, no clause or article of the Constitution of the United States should, within the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, be so understood as to authorize any person whatsoever to claim the property or possession of a human being as a slave; and he would prohibit BY LAW the delivery of any fugitive upon the claim of his master."

This was the opinion of Mr. Adams in 1819; and throughout the whole argument (which I will place in the hands of the Committee) Mr. Adams claimed that the Missouri Compromise was a violation of a fundamental provision of the Constitution on the part of the South, and by that violation Massachusetts and the North stood absolved from all obligation to any clause of the Constitution which they choose to repudiate. You will see, gentlemen, that we are sailing under very good captainship—John Quincy Adams for captain, and Daniel Webster for mate. If you do not like our constitutional law, try the edge of your critical sword upon them, and not upon us.

"If I were a member of the Legislature of one of these States," said Mr. Adams—(why, gentlemen, we stand here, as the Spiritualists would say, the *mediums* of John Quincy Adams)—"I would move for a declaratory act, that so long as the article in the Constitution of Missouri, depriving the colored citizens of the State (say) of Massachusetts of their rights as citizens of the United States within the State of Missouri, should subsist, so long the white citizens of Missouri should be held as aliens with the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and not entitled to claim or enjoy, within the same, any right or privilege of a citizen of the United States."

Thus, gentlemen, we put ourselves upon this ground. If the constitutional clause is binding, in your view, then, according to very excellent constitutional authority, the unlimited violation of the Constitution of the United States, on the part of the Southern States, frees you from any moral obligation to the observance of that clause. You will not contend, in 1859, that Mr. Webster in 1851, or Mr. Adams in 1819, had stronger instances to cite of the violation of the Constitution than we have to-day. I have only to recall to your minds Texas, Missouri, and the Fugitive Slave bill itself, and the agents of this Commonwealth kicked out of South Carolina, and the door barred by a statute making it a penal offence, punishable in the State Prison, for Massachusetts to send a citizen to that State to bring a case before the Supreme Court for the defence of one of her own colored seamen—I have only to point you to these repeated acts of aggression to bring the case we are considering entirely within the rule laid down by Adams and Webster. I might cite also the language of Joshua R. Giddings, in a letter to his constituents, covering the same legal issue, but it is not necessary.

But I go further than this. I claim of you, if you please, this statute, even if it be outside of the Constitution; and I claim it in this wise: Bancroft says in his volume, "American law is no result of individual wisdom; it is the growth of necessity—the growth of the hour." The majority make the law for to-day; our written constitution is, as it were, an elastic mass—we stretch it to suit our purposes. Throughout the line of American history, that is law which the people acquiesce in. You know that when our charter, the original of which rests in your Secretary's room below, was brought over from England to this country, the lawyers of Great Britain said it was a fraud; that the corporation of Massachusetts Bay could exist only in London; that it was not a legal transfer. Gov. Winthrop let the lawyers say so; he and his associates brought the charter here, and established Massachusetts, and the acquiescence of the Stuarts and the people made it law.

If you open the *Federalist* (*No.* 40), you will see that Madison confesses that the Convention of 1787 had not strictly a rightful authority to frame a Constitution. North Carolina and Rhode Island, while they remained outside the new constitution, complained of this high-handed violation of the articles of Confederation, by the votes of nine States only, when it was expressly stipulated that the Confederation should be "perpetual," and not altered unless with the consent "of the Legislature of *every* State." Still, Madison claims that the Convention was justified in making a new constitution when sent only to amend an old one, and in setting aside the "perpetual" confederacy by the vote of nine States, if such a course was "calculated to accomplish the views and happiness of the people of America." After a while, Rhode Island and North Carolina submitted, the people of the thirteen States acquiesced. That Constitution which you eulogize and baptize almost into a sacred emblem was a bastard in 1787. It had no right to be, according to the confession of the men who made it. Its only claim to be a legal instrument is the acquiescence of the people.

So, also, when Louisiana was purchased, in 1801, Jefferson said it was plainly unconstitutional, and that the people ought to be asked to make it legal by the addition of a new clause to the Constitution. His friends said, "Let us risk it; the people will acquiesce, and that will make it law." The people have acquiesced. Florida and Texas have followed Louisiana, and Mexico and Cuba and the rest of the continent will follow in time.

I claim, therefore, this as the well-recognized principle of the nation's existence, that any act which the organized authority sanctions, and the people acquiesce in, is the law of the land. The whole of our law grows out of that principle. You cannot vindicate, on sacred charter principles, one single act in the normal history of the States; there is not a constitutional act that is clean. We claim that principle in our behalf to-day. We want the State of Massachusetts to risk this statute, even if it is outside of the Constitution. We ask her to say to the Union, "You have been enacting laws for sixty years; we are going to try our hand at it. Massachusetts is good at patents; we do not intend other States shall have a monopoly in this." By what right do the Republicans of the Senate sit side by side with the Senators of Texas to-day—every one of them pledged to the principle that Texas has no right in this Union, that it was an illegal act that brought her in, and one-half of them pledged to this day to the doctrine that we have no right to acquire territory? By the right and in virtue of the principle that public acquiescence makes it law.

Now, we claim that principle of you, to-day. Shall it be everlastingly said that "Despotism does great things illegally, and Liberty does nothing according to law"? Let us, for once, vindicate the right of Liberty, in this free scramble for power, to get her share. We ask you, if it be unconstitutional, to say to the people of the Commonwealth: "That is JUSTICE; that is what the heart of the Commonwealth demands; we will enact it, and see whether the people of Massachusetts will say 'Amen!'" If they do, it is the law of the State; and then we shall not have to say, with our faces veiled in shame, to the proud specimen of manhood, the William Tell or Wallace of a grander struggle than the Swiss or Scotch hero ever knew, when he touches the pavement of Boston, "There is no protection for you in Massachusetts." If you will give us that law, we can put these representatives of the noblest heroism and the sublimest courage the world has ever seen—the apostles and saints of this modern Liberty Crusade—in this State House or in old State street, and say to them: "Flash back your name on these telegraphic wires, which a son of Massachusetts invented, to your master at the South, tell him you have chosen to reside in Boston, and bid him welcome to the news" (loud applause). And the invention of law which makes it possible for him to proclaim this will outshine the invention of the telegraph which girdles the globe (renewed applause).

But the answer will be, "The Supreme Court will set aside the law." I do not know that. You passed a liquor bill some years ago; the Supreme Court set it aside. The Legislature, by one giant stride, enacted a ten fold stronger law, and the Supreme Court did not set it aside—they leapt ahead of it. That decision does not come from the law books; it does not come from between calf-skin: it comes from the public opinion of the Commonwealth, which has set the vanes of that legal spire in the right direction, since your first attempt at legislation (applause). I trust I have a due respect for the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, and for those who hold places upon it; but they are men; they are not stereotyped cast-iron machines, speaking by steam. They are warm flesh, living blood, and there must circulate through their veins the life and vitality of the Commonwealth. Enact that bill; and if it is set aside, enact it again; and if it is again-set aside, enact it a third time; and be certain that when the statute floats forth from the arches of the Capitol, if the people do not make it effectual through the Supreme Court, they will make it effectual over that Court; for the humanity of the people will be represented by the institutions of Massachusetts, in some form or other (applause).

Then, again, gentlemen, I have another point to present, and it is this: After all, is there any such slave cause as that we are talking about? I am sometimes reminded of that story in old times, of the first light-house that was built at Alexandria—a marble column, flashing its light, five hundred feet high, on the blue sky of the Mediterranean. Ptolemy, who filled the throne of Egypt, bade the architect, Sostratus, write on the frieze, "Ptolemy, to the gods, saviors of seamen." And Sostratus chisseled, apparently, the name of the reigning king. But after awhile, the crumbling plaster and frail lime dropped out, and beneath, in the eternal marble, the centuries saw carved, "Sostratus, son of Deiphanes, to the gods, saviors of seamen." So with that Constitution. Our fathers tried to plaster it over, so some men say, with slavery—with equivocal phrases, with immoral compacts, with compromises that no man dared utter, but each man hid in his heart; and the claim of some jurists, to-day, is that the crumbling plaster has dropped out, the "untempered mortar" is gone, and there flashes forth from the eternal purpose of the Constitution the fiat—"*Thou shalt not return unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee!*" (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Let us hope, in God's name, that it is so, Mr. Chairman; and if it be so—and I am told a large proportion of those who occupy these seats believe it is—enact your legal theories into statutes. If you come here believing, as we are told you do, that there is no slavery in the United States Constitution, then I tell you that the law we ask, instead of being unconstitutional, is the surest and best constitutional law in the world, and it is your duty to enact it, since wicked men are perverting your noble Constitution to cover such awful iniquities. There are men who sit in these seats, anti-slavery men, who, when we fanatics ask them, "How can you bow beneath that oath to the Constitution?" reply, "It is high as heaven; it is broad as the pillars of the universe. There is no slavery there. We cannot find it." Very well; then vote for this law!

If there is an Abolitionist in your Legislature who says, "I hate slavery; I will never help execute the Fugitive Slave Act; I would cut off my right hand before I would do it; but I have bound myself by an oath not to pass such a law in this Legislature"—I ask, "By what right do you sit here? Anti slavery man, lover of liberty, by what right do you bind yourself by an oath not to execute your high functions in behalf of justice? By what right do you assume power which you allow forbids you to do what you acknowledge to be just, and obliges you to aid in doing what you confess is infamously base? Put your hat on your head, and go out of that door! You cannot vindicate that oath as a moral, Christian, anti-slavery man. You have no right to assume a power, and oust others from it, which you cannot use for the protection of the fugitive." These are the two horns of the dilemma. Those of you, legislators, who say, "We can come here, because we do not find slavery in the Constitution," vote for that law! If there is no slavery in the Constitution, the Fugitive Slave bill is a monster even worse than on the other supposition. If there is no fugitive slave clause, then the Sims case and the Anthony Burns case were the most monstrous enormities ever perpetrated in the city of Boston, worse than it we suppose there is such a clause. Go as far as Franklin advised in the first petition to Congress on this subject, "Go to the extreme verge of your constitutional power to put down this system." If you have got the power, execute it. If you turn round and say, "I have not got the power," then I ask you how, as a man, a Christian, an anti-slavery person, can you vindicate your right to sit here in the Legislature, when you have bound yourself not to legislate justly, but both passively and actively aid in wrong-doing?

These, gentlemen, are the grounds upon which I claim this law. I claim it, first (without regard to the Constitution of the United States) of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, existing, under God, as a civil society, and bound to protect its citizens, whom it restrains into obedience. Then, in the second place, I claim it upon the universally recognized principle of constitutional law, as laid down by Adams and Webster, that the repeated violations of the Constitution by the South make it, in fact, non-existent. In November, 1854, in answer to a letter soliciting his opinion on the constitutionality of a law of Congress, retroceding Alexandria to Virginia, Mr. Adams replied: "I have no hesitation to say, I hold that act unconstitutional and void. How the Supreme Court of the United States would consider it, I cannot undertake to judge, nor how they would carry it into execution, should they determine the act unconstitutional. The Constitution of the United States, '*Stat magni nominis umbra*'" (is the shadow of a great name).

Mr. Giddings, speaking later, says:

"Without further remarks, I repeat that Ohio is now a party to no subsisting Union; to our people, therefore, belongs the prerogative of dictating the future policy of the State. They may, if they choose, demand of our Legislature the passage of a law, enabling them to express their views in regard to the propriety of entering into a Union with Texas; or, as we are now dissolved from all connection with the slave States, we may remain free from all further alliance with them. We may form a Union with such of the other free States as shall prefer a union with freemen, and discard all further political association with the institution of slavery."

This is the extreme practical doctrine derived from a violation of the Constitution on the part of the South. You know it is the Southern doctrine. The Southern States, with Calhoun in the van, claim it as the basis of their doctrine of the constitutional law, that a violation of the Constitution, on the part of any party under it, absolves the rest. I can claim, therefore, that they, at least, have no right and are not competent to object to any legislation on the part of Massachusetts which does not regard the Constitution of 1787.

Submit this project of a law, if you please, to the people. If you do not wish to enact the law distinctly yourselves, enact it conditionally; put it to the people of Massachusetts, and say, if you please, that unless it secure a two-thirds vote, it shall not become a statute. You know that the people of the Commonwealth will rush to the ballot-box, nine out of ten, if you will give them the chance, to place that act upon the statute-book of the State (applause).

Then, again, we ask you to make your law more decisive, even, than that of Vermont; to specify the danger, and instruct the Supreme bench to issue its *habeas corpus*, and arrest any process under the so-called Fugitive Slave act. We ask you to do it now. In Albany to-day, gentlemen, the petitioners who sent that very petition to the Empire State offered to send before them two eminent lawyers of New York to do what I am doing here; but the Committee said to them, "We ask no appearance; we are ready to support the bill" (applause). They asked for no argument; that statute of Vermont, made perhaps more stringent, this New York Committee is ready to report.

Now, gentlemen, we ask you to let Massachusetts take her proper place in the van of this movement; and if I may allude to the political constitution of the Legislature, I claim it of you, as sitting here under the profession and avowal that you do not believe there is any fugitive slave clause in the Constitution. Mr. Sumner, from his high place in the Senate, has again and again avowed his belief that there is no legal claim for any fugitive slave within any of the free States; and he has again and again avowed his purpose to defend that principle, if health returns to him, upon the floor of the Senate. If there be no such clause, then we claim of those who think so the enactment of the law we ask; and if any of you cannot so use your power, we ask of you that you should step out of that door, and let those who feel that such a use is free to them take your places.

I do not know, gentlemen, that I have anything further to say that is essential on this topic. I will place what seems to be a certified copy of the law of Vermont, and these extracts from Mr. Webster and Mr. Adams, which I have quoted, before the Committee.

It is no answer to my request to say that you will grant a jury trial, that you will hedge the citizen with such safeguards that none but a real fugitive can ever be delivered up. That is not the Massachusetts we want, and not the Massachusetts we have a right to claim. If the South has violated the Constitution repeatedly, palpably, avowedly, defiantly, atrociously, for her own purposes—to get power in the government, to perpetuate her system, to control the nation—we claim of you that you should exercise the privilege which that violation has given you. We claim of you that you should give us a Massachusetts worthy of its ancient name. Give us a State that is not disgraced by the trial, in the nineteenth century, in the midst of so-called Christian Churches, of the issue, "Is this man a chattel?" We will not rest until it is decided as the law of the Commonwealth that a human being, immortal, created by the hand of God, shall not be put upon trial in the Commonwealth, and required to prove that he is not property. It shall not be competent for the Courts of the Commonwealth to insult the civilization of the nineteenth century by asking that question, or making it the subject of evidence and proof. Give us a law tantamount to this: the moment a man sets his foot in Massachusetts, he is free against the world! (Loud applause.)

Can the image of God be owned and sold? What a question for a Christian republic to try! Decree that no Court sitting in Massachusetts shall ever entertain the question whether a human being can be property. He is a man, therefore he is free. Provide not only that no Court which you set up shall entertain that question, but that no Court sitting on your soil shall insult Heaven by trying such an issue. What your own Judges may not do, shall not by any man be done within your limits. We read, gentlemen, of days when to say, "I am a Roman citizen," opened prison doors and disarmed lawless power.

Earn for our Commonwealth a nobler fame. Let history tell that on our soil to say, "I am a man," unlocked every chain and shrivelled unholy parchments to ashes, while over the emancipated head flashed the mailed arm of the Commonwealth with its protecting legend, "SUB LIBERTATE QUIETEM."

* If any STRANGERS or people of other nations, professing the true Christian religion, shall FLY to us from the TYRANNY or OPPRESSION of their persecutors, or from famine, WARS, or the like necessary and compulsory cause, they shall be *entertained* and *succored* amongst us according to that power and prudence God shall give us.

Every person within this jurisdiction, whether *inhabitant* or STRANGER, shall ENJOY THE SAME LAW AND JUSTICE, that is general for this jurisdiction, which we constitute and execute ONE TOWARDS ANOTHER, in all cases proper to our cognizance, WITHOUT PARTIALITY or delay.—*Mass. Statutes*, 1641.

Selections.

IMPORTANT CHURCH TRIAL IN VIRGINIA.

TWO MEMBERS EXCLUDED FOR SELLING A NEGRO.

From the Prunytown (Va.) Visitor.

A VERY important trial took place in the Methodist E. Church at Knottsville, in this county, on Friday, the 14th of January, present month. The country all around is very much excited at the result of this trial, and we very much fear it will yet shake the foundation of the "Old Church" in Western Virginia to its very centre. The following are the facts of the case, so far as we have been enabled to gather them from the lips of the class-leader, Mr. John Lewellen, and from James Wilson, an intelligent member of the Church at that place, and from less reliable resources:

Mr. Z. Shields, of Pruntytown, who was engaged in buying negroes at that time for the Southern market, knowing that Willis Rector, an old gentleman living near Knottsville, and a worthy member of the Church there, had a very likely young negro man, called on Caleb Shroyer, a young man, who is also a member of the same Church, to aid him in procuring said negro of Mr. Rector, his master. Mr. Shroyer finally, after consulting with his father, who is also a classleader of one of the classes at Knottsville, agreed to aid Mr. Shields, and was to receive $25 if successful. Various representations, it is said, were then made to Mr. Rector, which induced him to sell the slave to Mr. Shields.

Mr. Rector, whose conscience was likely somewhat troubled about the matter, and whose sympathies were evidently aroused, refused to surrender the negro to Mr. Shields at his house, but appointed a spot on his farm, where he would, on a certain day, send the negro to work, where Mr. Shields and his aids could meet him, and take possession of him, by paying to Mr. Shroyer the price, and receiving from Shroyer a bill of sale. The day being unpropitious, the plan was changed and the negro was sent to Baker's Mill. There Mr. Shields informed the negro he must go with him. At first the boy smiled, supposing it was only a jest, as Mr. Shields is fond of a good joke. The manner of Mr. Shields soon convinced the negro that he was earnest, as he took from his pocket a rope and commenced tying him. At this the boy exclaimed, "What have I done, Mr. Shields?" The boy, knowing Mr. Shields to be an officer, supposed he was arresting him for some supposed offence. This misapprehension was soon removed by Mr. Shields replying—"You have done nothing, boy, only I have bought you." This was the first intimation the boy had that his master had sold him; and, hearing it, he burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming, "Well, sir, please don't tie me, and I will go with you." Caleb Shroyer, who was present, having known the boy from his youth, and being a brother with him in the same Church (for the negro was a Methodist), then turned to the miller, Mr. Joseph Goff, and remarked, "Well, I am sorry, for poor Jack after all." The boy was tied and taken off. The boy was a member of the same class with his master, at the time he was sold; and on the authority of Mr. Lewellen, the classleader, we state that he had a good standing in the Church.

The entire religious community in and around Knottsville are "old side" Methodist—and more than two hundred members belong to the four classes there. No sooner was the sale made public than a tremendous and fearful excitement sprung up—sympathy for the boy and indignation at the conduct of Rec or and Shroyer became general. The neighbors determined to have the boy back, and for this purpose agreed to raise a sum equal to one hundred dollars more than Mr. Shields gave for him. This proposition James Wilson carried to Mr. Shields, who declined accepting it, stating his own

immortal oration that fulmined over Greece, and roused the drooping spirits of her people in the struggle for independence. On this spot the chair of Adams rested for many years, and it was here that the great patriot

We must give one scene in the Old Hall more in detail. We write from recollection. In 1846, the Indian Appropriation bill was under consideration in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Giddings attacked an item which proposed to pay the State of Georgia for certain runaway slaves who had found shelter among the Creek Indians. Mr. Black, of Georgia, replied in a grossly foul personal assault upon Giddings. Amid much excitement, Giddings, standing in the side-aisle at the left of the Chair, was responding with great severity to this attack. Black, armed with a pistol and heavy sword-cane, and followed by three or four Southern Members (one of whom is now a distinguished Senator), crossed the hall, and, coming within striking distance of Giddings, said, "Repeat those words and I'll knock you down!" He repeated the words, and went on with his speech. At that moment, Mr. Dawson, of Louisiana, rushed to the spot, cocked his pistol, and shouted, "I'll shoot him! by G—d, I'll shoot him!" The peril of Giddings was imminent. Quick as thought, Mr. Causine, of Maryland, his hand on his pistol, leaped into the aisle between Black and Giddings, to defend the latter; Kenneth Rayner, of North Carolina, also armed, took a position at the left hand of Giddings; Charles Hudson, of Massachusetts, planted himself on his right; while Solomon Foot, of Vermont, now in the Senate, stood immediately behind him, to prevent an assault from that quarter. And there, surrounded by Causine and Rayner of the South, and Hudson and Foot of the North, with Black, Dawson and other armed and incensed men in front, stood Giddings, his head towering above the crowd, delivering his speech with great vigor and entire self-possession, and never, from the beginning to the close of the melee, losing the thread of his subject, except when, as Black approached him, he hurled at him the defiance, "COME ON! THE PEOPLE OF OHIO DON'T SEND COWARDS HERE!"

It is understood that Mr. Giddings will spend his remaining days in preparing a work that shall depict the scenes that have passed before his eyes, and in so many of which he has borne a leading part, during his "Twenty Years in the House of Representatives." He cannot render a higher service to the country, nor make a more valuable contribution to the great cause. Let us hope that he will not take for his model the heavy volumes of Mr. Benton on a similar theme.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York*."

DR. CHEEVER IN PHILADELPHIA.—We learn that the Rev. Dr. Cheever is to lecture on Slavery in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, next Tuesday evening. Tickets, price 25 cents, for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office. We presume the Doctor will give his Philadelphia audience one of the series of discourses now in course of delivery here. Our friends there should see to it that he has a full house.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

"ABOVE all things, truth beareth away the victory," said a wise young man in one of the uncanonical books of Scripture; and people in our own time, who entertain exceedingly diverse ideas as to what *is* truth, will agree in the statement that "Truth is great, and it *will* prevail."

The victory of truth thus foretold and taken for granted is not, however, a present victory. It requires time, generally a long time, to run its course and be glorified. It takes place not in our day, but sooner or later in God's day of a thousand years, and men see it only by the eye of faith. The sower of such truth as is not truism or tradition, of truth which is not apprehended as such by those among whom it is scattered, seldom lives to see the harvest in this world. But what matter! Enough for him that in some hour of God's day it will surely ripen. Enough for him that the golden sheaves will in time be gathered; and that he has been the honored instrument of accomplishing thus much of his Father's business.

In the present time, however (in our present like that of every other age of the world), the race *is* to the swift and the battle to the strong; and union and perseverance among the opponents of truth will for a time prevent the manifestation of her power, and seem to establish conquest and supremacy on their side.

Union and perseverance. It is by these that the slaveholders still succeed in maintaining slavery. How many points soever there may be of division among them, they are firm, united and persistent in doing whatever may sustain and extend this relation. For it they will perpetrate any meanness or villany, to it they will sacrifice any other institution or interest. Fanatics as they are in the assertion and vindication of freedom for the privileged class, ready as they are to see an infringement of it where it is not, and to magnify it where it is, and to wash out with blood the mark or the shadow of interference with their sovereignty in other particulars, where the interests of slavery are in question, they will submit to any abbreviation of their rights. They will tighten the chain around their own bodies, if that be needed more securely to hold the slave; and, to gain this object, they will allow a despotism as absolute, as capricious and as insolent as any that bears sway in Austria or Italy, to decide imperatively what books they shall not read, what newspapers and magazines they shall not receive by mail, what guests they shall not entertain at home, and what people they shall not greet with friendly salutation abroad.

We see the same union in support of slavery among those who, next after the actual slaveholders, constitute its strongest bulwark, and who are thus most guilty and most responsible for its continuance—the American Churches. As we were thinking of Northern Churches while penning the above sentence, we accidentally expressed it as if the church-members, who endorse slavery as Christian, were always a different class from those who work and flog, buy, sell and breed slaves. But it must not be forgotten that not only great numbers of Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian and Presbyterian church-members are slaveholders, but that Churches of all these denominations hold slaves in their corporate capacity.

Here is a paragraph which a Boston editor lately snipped from one of his Southern exchange papers, giving it to his readers merely as an item of news, and noticing, in his brief comment, not its wickedness, but only its novelty.

HOW THEY SUPPORT CHURCHES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The following is an advertisement in a South Carolina paper:

"On Thursday, 17th inst., will be sold, at the north of the Exchange, a prime gang of ten negroes, accustomed to the culture of cotton and provisions, belonging to the Independent Church, in Christ Church Parish."

Thus a Northern church-member, visiting at the South, might write to his friends at home how strange and peculiar it seemed to see his pious host put a black boy into the contribution box of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; or a light mulatto girl into that of the American Tract Society; he might write this by way of giving a curious specimen of Southern customs; regardless all the while that the Savior to whom he daily addressed the verbal compliment of "Lord, Lord," was thereby again betrayed, sold, imprisoned, crucified afresh, and put to open shame.

The Northern Churches and Church-supporting institutions, differing among themselves as to how far they shall keep up appearances by talking disparagingly of slavery, agree in these three practical points; they offer no actual interference with slavery themselves, they discourage such interference when it is offered by others, and they endorse, as Christian men, those who most determinedly practise slaveholding and defend it.

The Churches in question, with the propagandist associations (of which the Tract and Foreign Missionary Societies are the most important), not only agree among themselves to this extent, but they agree with the slaveholders in readiness to make sacrifice of their own duties, rights and usages in behalf of slavery.

The department in the support of slavery which these representatives of the popular American religion volunteer to fill is a secondary, but not the less an essential one. It is the prevention of interference with slavery, the discouragement of agitation, the preservation of peace, the smothering of discussion, the exclusion of "controverted points," and a systematic effort, when the tabooed subject breaks in in spite of them, to confine it to the form of prayer, and prevent it from advancing to the form of action. Here are three recent specimens of the tendencies of which we have been speaking.

1. A prize of $100 has lately been offered for the best tract on the duty of *praying* for the cessation of slavery.

Neither we nor the public have been informed who it is that makes this offer; nevertheless, we are so well assured, by experience and analogy, of the class of men from among whom it must have come that we assume, as perfectly certain, the three following positions on his part, namely:

He does not pray, and does not attempt to persuade his neighbors to pray, that their farms may be properly ploughed, their gardens properly weeded, their letters properly answered, or their clothes kept in proper repair: he sees that these things lie in the department of work and not of prayer, and that it would be a misuse and perversion of prayer to attempt to apply it to those purposes.

He does not expect the Tract and Missionary enterprises to succeed by means of prayer *alone;* but he feels bound regularly to give, and to persuade his neighbors to give, either money or labor to them. He asks God to bless the diligent and persevering *labor* which men bestow upon these enterprises; he would be ashamed to ask a blessing upon their laziness or their systematic inactivity.

Pretending to desire the cessation of slavery, he does not apply to this object the method which he uses, and considers indispensable, in either one or the other of the departments above mentioned. He does not trust in work, either wrought by his hands or paid with his money, as in the first case mentioned; he does not trust in work cheered and fortified by accompanying prayer, as in the second; he prefers to have *nothing but prayer* applied to *this* subject.

He does not labor in the diffusion of anti-slavery principles; he does not give money to help the Anti-Slavery Society diffuse those principles; he does not attempt to do, or to assist, any *work* whatever which is radically opposed to slavery; if the petition that fugitive slaves may be protected on Northern soil has been presented to him, he has refused to sign it; and there are nine chances out of ten that he has given this reason for the refusal—"I am a law-abiding man."

2. The Boston branch of the American Tract Society in New York has just issued two publications in regard to slavery; one favoring it (with a prefatory note hoping that the Boston Society will not be considered to believe what the tract in question teaches), and the other recommending that something be done, it does not say what, looking towards a very cautious and gradual extinction of slavery.

The first of these publications is entitled—"Scripture Duties of Masters"—and it is a portion of that thoroughly pro-slavery book which the New York Society adopted and printed in 1857, and then suppressed before its distribution.

The part now published is a sermon preached in 1846 by Dr. Young, a pro-slavery clergyman, in Danville, Kentucky, and then published at the unanimous request of the slaveholders of his church and congregation, as being well adapted to help keep their bondmen in subjection.

The second of the tracts mentioned is entitled—"Slavery and the Bible: by Rev. Enoch Pond, D.D." It represents the Bible, and Christ and the Apostles, as favoring neither the perpetuity nor the immediate abolition of slavery; but as justifying the adoption of some (unspecified) intermediate course, whenever the lapse of a sufficient number of centuries should have rendered it "*less likely to excite prejudice.*"

3. We have said above that the representatives of the popular American religion have shown themselves ready to make sacrifice of some of their own rights and usages in behalf of slavery. A case in point has just appeared, which we will briefly state.

It is well known that the (self styled) evangelical Churches have heretofore been exceedingly strict in hunting heresy out of their borders, and in enforcing those ecclesiastical usages which prevented any apparent fraternization with heresy in others. But, not regarding pro-slavery as heresy, nor fraternization with slaveholders in the pulpit and at the communion-table as in any wise objectionable, whenever the minority in a Church complained of those things, the clergymen and clerical editors who were consulted showed, above all things, a love of peace and quietness, a fear of division in the Church, and a tender regard for the comfort of the dear slaveholding brethren in question, the result of which always was their serious counsel to hush up the matter, and "let it rest without noise."

This, we say, has become a well-established custom among clergymen and clerical editors, in the toleration of slavery and the discouragement of anti-slavery. The novelty of which we speak consists in extending this method of treatment from a matter so light as fraternization with slaveholders to an offence so grave as departure from clerical usage. Yet we find this very thing in *The Independent*.

The Independent receives an inquiry as to what should be done by the minority of an orthodox Church who feel aggrieved at the introduction, by their pastor, of a Universalist clergyman into his pulpit. And, for a wonder, the editors counsel the same gentleness, patience, and quiet long-suffering which they would have recommended had the wearer of sheep's clothing in question been merely a slaveholder. They say in regard to the aggrieved minority—

Let them do nothing rashly!

In making known their dissent from the course in question, let them be careful to express themselves, and to behave themselves, with all Christian meekness and forbearance!

Let them not regard the pastor or the Church as apostate from the truth and from Christ because of this one error.

Let them not take it for granted that separation is the only remedy for such an evil; let them rather remain in their places, after they have made a fraternal protest against the error.

Such is the counsel of *The Independent*. What lesson are *we* to draw from it?

If the Churches are now to unite in the toleration of a freedom of theological opinion and ecclesiastical action hitherto unknown among them, for the purpose of combining more effectively for the continued toleration of slavery, it surely behooves Abolitionists to increase their zeal, vigilance and assiduity in the work of overthrowing that iniquity.

If an institution so popular and so powerful as the Church is driven to such tricks and shifts, such evasions and falsehoods, such meanness and wickedness, to escape the shame of that complicity with slavery which the Abolitionists have proved upon her, it shows (does it not) that our method of assault has been effective, that the bird which flutters is wounded, and that we are to hope for complete success by a resolute upholding of the same principle and the same policy as heretofore. Let us, above all things, shun compromise! Let us still proclaim

SLAVEHOLDING IS A SIN AGAINST GOD!

NO UNION, IN CHURCH OR STATE, WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

"THE FREE CHURCH PORTFOLIO" is the title of a monthly periodical, in pamphlet form, the first number of which reached us a few days since. It is published at New Castle, Pa., and edited by the Rev. ARTHUR B. BRADFORD, a leading minister of the Free Presbyterian Church, of whose anti-slavery and theological principles it will be the advocate. Mr. Bradford is an able writer, and his fidelity to his anti-slavery convictions in the past furnishes good ground for confidence in him now. It will be remembered that, some time since, we published a letter from Cincinnati, in which Mr. Bradford and others were charged with a design to betray the principles of the Free Church for the purpose of uniting it with the New School body. The author of the letter being a minister of the Free Church, we thought it best to let his statement go to our readers, accompanied by an expression of our surprise at its tenor and of our readiness to publish a reply from those whom he accused. If we erred in taking this course, we did so from no unworthy motives, but from a paramount regard for the cause. Mr. Bradford reserved his reply to this accusation for the first number of the *Portfolio*, from which we shall, next week, transfer it to our columns.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.—We have room for but the briefest mention of a terrible tragedy which occurred in Washington on Sunday last. Daniel E. Sickles, member of Congress from this city, having obtained evidence of a criminal intimacy between his wife and Philip Barton Key, Esq., U. S. District Attorney in Washington, deliberately killed him in the street, firing at him three times. For the details of the affair we must refer our readers to other papers. Mr. Sickles is in jail, and it is understood that his trial will commence on Monday.

"IN PERILS AMONG FALSE BRETHREN."

ONE of the Hebrew prophets, in describing the moral degeneracy of the people whose sins he was set to rebuke, made this striking declaration: "*He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey.*" And so it has been, the world over, from that day to the present. The messengers of God, in proportion to their fidelity in departing from and rebuking the sins of their age, have been hated, calumniated, persecuted. The religious teachers who keep silent in regard to abounding and popular iniquity, or who, seeking to "serve God so as not to offend the Devil," dilute their testimony in such a way that it has no power to disturb the consciences of the people, are applauded, flattered and caressed; while the faithful preacher of righteousness, who declares the whole counsel of God, fearless of consequences, is sure, however circumspect, to encounter the hostility of avowed enemies and the secret but often more effective malignity of false brethren. The denunciations of the openly wicked are not half so much to be dreaded by the man who takes a firm stand in favor of the right as the insidious, treacherous girding of those who, while they dare not give him open battle, talk much of his "imprudence," and, by various underhand methods, endeavor to blast his influence and hedge up his way.

This train of reflection has been suggested in view of the peculiar position of the Rev. Dr. Cheever as an uncompromising pulpit opponent of slavery. Since the fall of 1856, he has been conspicuous among the evangelical clergy of New York for his fidelity in denouncing slavery, from the pulpit, on Sunday, as a sin against God, and in exposing the guilt of the American Church for supporting the iniquity. Our readers know that for this he incurred the hostility of certain wealthy and influential members of his Church, who concocted a plan to effect his removal from the pulpit. That plan, however, failed, the majority of the Church supporting the pastor. The malcontents (or some of them), baffled and chagrined by their defeat, asked for letters of dismission to other Churches. Their conduct in the affair had been such, however, that the Church of the Puritans was not willing to give them letters in the usual form. After considerable discussion, it voted to grant them letters certifying that they were in regular (not "good and regular") standing, and without *recommending* them to other Churches. The plotters, instead of quietly taking these letters and presenting them to the pro-slavery Churches which they desired to join, asked for an ecclesiastical council, hoping by this means to stir up strife and effect the removal of the pastor. The Church, however, in the exercise of its ecclesiastical sovereignty, and being resolved to avoid a quarrel, refused their request and declared that they had cut themselves off from membership by their own act. The next step on the part of the malcontents was to raise a question of ecclesiastical law and Congregational usage, and upon that to call an *ex parte* council. They hoped by this means to kindle such a fire in Dr. Cheever's path as to compel his resignation. Understanding perfectly well that the great majority of the Congregational clergy, regarding Dr. Cheever's course as a rebuke of their own time-serving, were not inclined to stand by him, they thought that a council, composed of nominally anti-slavery men, though called together ostensibly for the purpose of settling a question of ecclesiastical usage of little more importance than the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, might inflict upon him an indirect censure and surround him with such a social and sectarian pressure as to compel him, for the sake of peace, or for lack of union in the Church, to resign.

We are compelled, in view of the circumstances, to believe that the members of the council, or at least the more influential portion of them, obeyed the summons of the malcontents, not because they cared a straw for the question of ecclesiastical usage involved in the case, but because, regarding as a censure upon themselves Dr. Cheever's practice of preaching against slavery and denouncing the Church and Ministry for their complicity therewith, they were willing to strike him an underhand blow. It cannot be supposed that they were ignorant of the circumstances attending the unsuccessful struggle to remove him from his pulpit; and certainly, if they had approved his course and been disposed to stand by him in his efforts to sustain a free pulpit in this city, they would not, upon such a trifling issue as that upon which alone they professed to decide, have been so ready to come together at the call of his pro-slavery enemies, and at so much expense of time and money. The chief wire-puller of the council was the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, one of the editors of *The Independent*, who probably likes Dr. Cheever's contributions to that paper not a whit better than he likes his anti-slavery preaching, and who would rejoice to see him put under an ecclesiastical ban and compelled to preach in some less conspicuous place than the Church on Union Square. Such a light, set upon so prominent a hill, reveals too plainly the surrounding darkness of cotton hunkerism and the jugglery by which Dr. Bacon and others like him, while in open fellowship with the abettors and apologists of slavery and pursuing a policy of compromise with the Tract Society and the American Board, continue to make their simple-hearted followers in the Church believe that they are really anti-slavery.

The action of the council was exactly what might have been expected from its antecedents and the ulterior designs of the cunning ecclesiastical politicians who controlled its proceedings. Refusing, on technical grounds, to inquire why the Church of the Puritans, in the exercise of its sovereignty, had been constrained to dismiss the disturbers of its peace in terms varying somewhat from the usual form, and shutting its eyes to the fact that they had set on foot a treacherous conspiracy against Dr. Cheever, it took their part against the Church, and, notwithstanding their well-known pro-slavery character, gave them letters of recommendation to other Churches! How can anybody that is not willing to be duped be made to believe that the only object of the council was to pronounce upon an insignificant question of Congregational usage? The pretence is too absurd to deceive any one who knows the parties and appreciates the high position of Dr. Cheever.

It should be known that Dr. Cheever's clerical brethren—even, for the most part, those who make strong anti-slavery professions—instead of supporting him by their sympathy and cheering him on in the warfare against slavery and its abettors, are turning to him the cold shoulder, talking with lachrymose solemnity of his "imprudence," his "spirit of denunciation," etc., and hoping that, through divisions in his Church, or by some other means, he may be driven from his pulpit. Dr. Cheever's friends assert that even Henry Ward Beecher, who might naturally be expected to stand by him, has never cheered him by one sympathizing word, while he has refused to cooperate in measures to encourage and sustain him in the desperate struggle with the minions of the Slave Power. These statements, if true, are highly discreditable to Mr. Beecher, who ought to discern and appreciate Dr. Cheever's heroic position and not to shrink from the responsibility of giving him needed aid. The withdrawal of a considerable number of the wealthiest members of his Church, and the implied moral endorsement of their course by the council, has, as might be expected, put Dr. Cheever and those who sustain him in a position of much embarrassment; and it is clearly the duty, as it should be the joy, of the friends of a pure Christianity to help them in their struggle to maintain an unshackled pulpit in this pro-slavery city.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH QUESTION IN ENGLAND.—In the House of Lords, Feb. 14th, the Earl of Malmesbury, in reply to Lord Woodhouse, said he would lay before the House the recent correspondence with the United States government respecting the Right of Search. He thought England had exercised a wise discretion in giving up that right; and he believed that a code of instructions, which had been agreed to by England and France, and had been submitted to America for approval, would be found to work satisfactorily in repressing the slave trade.

The Earl of Clarendon said the Right of Search was a belligerent right, and could not be properly exercised in time of peace. He trusted that the new code of instructions would prove satisfactory; but unless they were adopted by all the great maritime powers, there would always be disputes and inconvenience.

The Earl of Derby believed that the code of instructions which had been submitted to the United States would prevent future complications.

After a few words from the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Brougham and the Earl of Carlisle, the subject was dropped.

The slaveholders who rule the United States will, no doubt, on some pretence or other, object to the code of instructions above alluded to, if they find that its operation would interpose any serious check to the slave trade.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S RELATIONS TO THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

SECOND LETTER FROM STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IF you were pleased with the "animus" of my recent strictures upon your treatment of Henry Ward Beecher, I was not less so with the spirit of your reply. In this regard I think it a model, not only for anti-slavery editors, but for all of us who find it necessary, at any time, to engage in controversy. To be able to endure criticism with undisturbed feeling is a grace unto which few of us ever attain; to court it is the surest method of progress in personal improvement.

But though gratified with the kindness and catholicity of your manner, the substance of your reply does great violence to my logical convictions, and impresses me with the belief that a preconceived opinion of Mr. Beecher's anti-slavery character must have led you, unconsciously, to view his actions in an assumed light, and to give a forced and unnatural interpretation both to his language and my own—a thing by no means unusual with the best of men, and which it seems impossible wholly to avoid. Possibly I am wrong in this conviction, but, if so, you, I trust, after hearing my reasons for it, will be able to put me right.

In the first place, you essentially misapprehend my position in regard to my requirements of Mr. Beecher as a condition of recognition of his anti-slavery character. After admitting that the only flaw in the logic of my argument is to be found in my premises, you say, "He assumes that Mr. Beecher has laid down the principle that it is the absolute *duty* of every man to join every benevolent association whose *object* he approves, provided the conditions of membership are such as to invite coöperation irrespective of religious opinions and creeds." Where, in my letter, do you find any such assumption? I said nothing about joining associations, unless you construe coöperation with individuals in a common cause, irrespective of their peculiar opinions, into union with an association. The facts are simply these. You had given Mr. Beecher credit for nobly vindicating the catholicity of our platform. I admitted that he had *ably* vindicated it, theoretically, but charged that, *practically*, he had always turned his back upon it, and had stood with its most malignant foes. He could stand on the platform of the Fraternity Lectures, and of the Catholic cathedral, but he had pertinaciously refused to stand upon the platform of the Anti-Slavery Society. I only asked that he should treat us as he had treated Mr. Parker, and as he proposed to treat Bishop Hughes.

You reaffirm your original statement that Mr. Beecher "did nobly vindicate the principle of coöperation which lies at the base of our movement." You will not, I think, deny the truth and justice of my charge, viz., that he has persistently turned his back upon it. Hence, putting the two statements together, what do you make of Mr. Beecher but a man whose *teachings* lead in one direction, but his *life* in another; or, in other words, one whose life gives the lie to his teachings? He agrees with us fully in our theory of coöperation, but persistently declines to coöperate, meanly leaving us to fight alone the great battle of Freedom, in which he would have us believe he also feels a deep interest. It is logically certain, therefore, that he either does not act for the slave at all, or, acting for him from interested and selfish motives, he does it in direct violation of his own theory and convictions. In either case I think the slave has occasion to pray, "From such a friend, good Lord, deliver us," and I, for one, cannot refrain from joining in the prayer.

But you say, in justification of Mr. Beecher, that "he does not so much assert a *duty* as vindicate a *right*." I cannot withhold the expression of my surprise at your interpretation of Mr. Beecher's language, and can only account for it from the hurried manner in which you were compelled to write. To use your own quotation, he tells us that "a good man *ought always to seek occasions of working with men*, rather than working away from them." Does this language imply *liberty* merely, leaving it a matter of choice with good men whether they will work with others in a good cause, or away from them? Is the word *ought* synonymous with *may*? On the contrary, I ask, could language be so framed as to present a stronger and less equivocal inculcation of the duty of unrestricted coöperation in every good work? His theory, like ours, is that it is not morally optional with men whether they will use their powers for the promotion of a good cause, and in the right direction. They have no choice in this matter, but are shut up to a fated necessity, which they cannot disregard but at their peril.

But grant, for the sake of the argument, that Mr. Beecher merely vindicated the *right* of coöperation, but did not assert the *duty*. You say that he "nobly vindicated and illustrated the principle which lies at the base of our movement." That principle, then, merely asserts the right, but does not enjoin the duty, of coöperation; for I see not how he could vindicate the principle itself without at the same time vindicating the entire ground which it legitimately covers. But if the fundamental principle of our movement enjoins no absolute duty of coöperation for the slave's deliverance, but leaves it with individual discretion whether to coöperate or not, I cannot see wherein the New Organizationists of 1840, of whom you speak in uncomplimentary terms, were guilty of any violation of principle in leaving our platform, since they only availed themselves of a conceded right of choice, preferring, as they alleged, to work away from us, rather than to work with us. Why should we complain of them, if our principles impose no duty of coöperation? They were as free to go as we were to stay, if it was simply a matter of taste and judgment. And if Mr. Beecher can be an honest, practical Abolitionist, and work away from our platform or not work at all, why may not they do the same, and be equally deserving of our recognition? The only difference which I can see in the two cases is that they went out from us, while from the outset he has persistently refused to come in. The distinction seems to me to be one of form merely, and wholly immaterial in a moral point of view.

Then, again, if this principle enjoins no *duty* of coöperation, but leaves it with the individual choice, not only Mr. Beecher and the New Organizationists, but all of us might retire from the platform, and the movement itself become extinct, and yet no one of us could be convicted of neglect of duty, because no duty was enjoined, and no one, in this respect, had violated any principle.

Again, if it was the *right* of coöperation alone that Mr. Beecher vindicated, in what sense could you regard him as entitled to credit, or of what possible use could such vindication be to our cause? That right, as a principle of action, has never been seriously denied, in this country, and consequently never needed any vindication. Everybody has acted upon it, wherever his interest or his inclination prompted. In the Temperance cause, in the Bible Society, in the cause of education, not to mention our political associations, no one has ever thought of inquiring into the theological opinions of his associates. It is only in its application to this particular object that the propriety of the principle has ever been called in question, and in this particular application of it Mr. Beecher stands, essentially, where Dr. Southside Adams and Dr. Neal stand. Theoretically, I have no doubt, both of these gentlemen would vindicate it as heartily, if not as eloquently, as Mr. Beecher; while in the matter of its practical application I cannot see why they have not done as much—the former by standing on the platform with Mr. Phillips, and the latter with Mr. Pillsbury—as Mr. Beecher has in appearing upon the lecture platform with Mr. Parker. Can any one doubt that either of these gentlemen would have accepted an invitation to appear upon the platform of the Fraternity Lectures had they the opportunity? When invited to lecture before Lyceums, they never think it necessary to inquire into the theological opinions either of the managers of these institutions or of the speakers who are to appear in the course with them, and in this regard they represent the general sentiment of the whole country; hence, in your view of the matter, Mr. Beecher has only vindicated a principle the propriety of which was already universally conceded, and which the most pro-slavery man in the land would have vindicated, had he been placed in similar circumstances; and any acknowledgment on our part for such an act seems to me entirely out of place.

But I cannot but regard Mr. Beecher's defence of himself against *The Examiner* as covering much broader ground than this. He seems to me to have illustrated and enforced, with unusual clearness and power, not the right merely, but the duty of coöperating, to the extent of our ability, in every good work, with every one who is willing to accept our cooperation. In his theory he comes fully up to the requirements of our platform; but when it comes to action, I am sorry to say, he is found utterly wanting.

You say that if I "can show that Mr. Beecher stands aloof from us on account of the heretical opinions of those whom he sees coöperating with us, the charge of inconsistency will be made out, otherwise not." But if he tells us that "a good man ought always to *seek* occasions of working with men, rather than working away from them," and then, when an opportunity is presented to him of working with us in the greatest enterprise of the age, he coolly turns away, and does not even deign to give a reason for refusing us his coöperation, is there no inconsistency here? What matters it to the cause of freedom, or to the integrity of his own anti slavery professions, whether he be kept from our platform on account of the heresies of those whom he sees upon it, or from regard to his own reputation and standing with the abettors of slavery? That cause demands his best and holiest efforts. He has clearly demonstrated that ours is the only true principle of association in works of benevolence. Hence, so long as he shall continue to turn his back upon us, and to consort with the slave's worst enemies, it seems to me but the dictate of common sense, and of Christian charity, to regard him as a man devoid of principle, and unworthy of our confidence and respect.

Your intimation that I have said that "there can be no reasons for not joining the American Anti-Slavery Society that can have weight with an honest anti-slavery man, willing to act with those whose religious opinions he repudiates," is without proper foundation, and could only have originated in a misapprehension of the true import of my language. I have never asked nor desired Mr. Beecher to join the American Anti-Slavery Society, much less condemned him for not joining it. Indeed, I do not know whether I am myself a member of that Society, so little importance do I attach to any mere technical connection with an association. What I have demanded of him, and what I still demand, is that, by standing on the free platform of that Society, to give utterance to his own peculiar views of duty touching this great evil, he shall publicly identify himself with the friends of freedom, and thus give a practical demonstration of his regard for the catholic principle which lies at the base of our movement. Could I demand less than this, and not be wanting in fidelity to my own anti-slavery professions?

You assure us that you "cannot in conscience point to the Society as the one infallible anti-slavery church, and say to those around us, 'Come upon its platform, or take upon your foreheads the brand of pro-slavery.'" True. But can you not say, and have you not often said to the New Organizationists, that ours is the *only true principle of association*, and that whoever refuses to act upon it is practically false to the anti-slavery cause? It is very true, as you intimate, that "a man may be a Christian without joining a Church," though, I would add, doubtful whether, at the present day, he can be a Christian and remain in one. But can a man be a Christian and yet *refuse to coöperate with Christians* in the work of disseminating the principles of Christianity? It is not for the American Anti-Slavery Society, nor for any Society, that I am contending. For these associations I care but little. But it is for the principle of coöperation, without which nothing can be accomplished, that I am contending. I am quite as willing to work in an association of Mr. Beecher's originating as in the one which Mr. Garrison has originated. I only ask that we may coöperate *somewhere* upon a free platform, that, by a concentration of effort, there may be hope of ultimate triumph. The answer to this demand is the one infallible test by which I decide the genuineness of every man's anti-slavery professions. Whoever is willing, like Jesus of Nazareth, to submit his principles and conduct to the fiery ordeal of unrestricted criticism gives the best of evidence of an honest purpose and a manly spirit, while the anti-slavery of those who shrink from such a test is to me but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

I am glad to know that, although you regard Mr. Beecher as an Abolitionist, you do not think him "*sound* and *consistent*." Precisely how much you intend by this abatement of credit I am unable to decide, as the former of these terms is not susceptible of a very definite meaning. In the material world things unsound are often thought to be highly dangerous, and are usually avoided by all sensible people. No one who hoped to make a prosperous voyage would trust himself to the hazard of a steamship whose boiler was known to be *unsound*. The history of railroad disasters tells us of many a luckless traveller who has lost his life through the agency of an *unsound* wheel or axle of the car in which he had unwittingly taken passage. *Unsoundness* in the material of the cable has foiled, for the time at least, the noble project of an Atlantic telegraph, and turned the triumphant rejoicings of a hundred millions of devout worshippers of the achievements of modern science into grief and bitter disappointment. Nor is the analogy wanting in the intellectual and moral world. For the safe-keeping and comfort of persons of *unsound* intellect we build hospitals and retreats; and we sometimes find it necessary to place them under the care of special guardians. A sad experience has taught us that an *unsound* Temperance man is not only an obstacle to the progress of the cause, but that he is a promising candidate for a drunkard's grave. In religion the man of *unsound* faith is thought to be a dangerous element in the Church. In morals, the man whose views of the sacredness of the marriage relation are known to be *unsound* is regarded as an unsafe and an unwelcome guest at the firesides of the chaste and virtuous, and all the more if the unsoundness is adorned with shining talents and a pleasing address. In our business relations, the man whose integrity is suspected of *unsoundness* is the man on whom we place a double watch at the counter. At the South, an *unsound* slaveholder is regarded as an ally and precursor of abolition, and is hunted from the land. Should an "*unsound*" Abolitionist be an exception to an otherwise universal rule of suspicion, dread and avoidance? Counterfeit bank-notes, when once the detector's stamp is placed upon them, deceive no one, and can henceforth do no harm. Put the detector's *stamp* on Mr. Beecher—write him "UNSOUND"—in characters which no one can mistake, and I am content that you should call him an Abolitionist, or anything else you please. But, regarded in any other light, his influence cannot fail to spread moral contagion through all our ranks.

S. S. FOSTER.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

Truly, the beginning of controversy is as the letting out of waters! And in this instance the extent of the inundation would seem to be in an inverse ratio to the importance of the question at issue, viz.: the self-consistency, upon a single point, of Henry Ward Beecher! We wrote thirty lines of commentary upon Mr. Beecher's defence of himself for lecturing at the request of the young men connected with Theodore Parker's congregation. Mr. Foster expended more than a column of logic to convince us that the "tone and terms" of that notice were objectionable—that, in other words, we had commended Mr. Beecher at the very point where we ought to have sharply rebuked him. We replied in less than half the space occupied by his criticism, and lo! here he comes down upon us in a still longer argument, intended to demonstrate that Mr. Beecher, in the principles avowed in his defence of himself for taking part in the "Fraternity" lectures, *condemned himself* as "criminally inconsistent," "a man devoid of principle and unworthy of confidence and respect," for refusing to stand on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society. We fear that not a few of our readers will be disposed to question the soundness of our judgment in that we suffer so much of our precious space to be occupied by such a discussion; but it has seemed best to us, in view of Mr. Foster's long and faithful service of the cause, and of his own evidently sincere conviction of the importance of his criticism, to give him this further hearing. And having done so, we beg the reader's patient attention to our reply, which we shall make as brief as possible.

1. The question between us and Mr. Foster is not whether Mr. Beecher is a faithful and consistent Abolitionist, for we agree in regarding him, in his ecclesiastical and political relations, as "criminally inconsistent," and deserving of faithful Christian rebuke. Such rebuke we have not spared in the past, and we intend to be equally faithful in time to come. The point at issue, according to our understanding of the case, is simply this: Whether the principles avowed and commended by Mr. Beecher in his defence of himself for appearing on the lecturing platform with Theodore Parker, at the call of an association composed of Mr. Parker's friends, involve a *condemnation of himself as a heartless and dishonest man* for refusing to come upon the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and whether we erred in not denouncing him, upon such evidence, as unfaithful to his own convictions.

2. We have read Mr. Foster's argument with care, and, we think, with candor also; but it is utterly failed to convince us. Indeed, the more we have considered it, the more unsound and even preposterous it has seemed. We can hardly repress a smile as we read his intimation that *we*, in our reply to his former letter, were "led unconsciously to give a *forced* and *unnatural* interpretation" to his own and Mr. Beecher's language. With equal frankness we say, that, in our judgment, his main argument has no other foundation than that which it derives from an over-strained interpretation of Mr. Beecher's words. Let the reader judge between us.

3. Upon one point, it seems, we did misapprehend Mr. Foster's views. Mr. Beecher's great sin does not lie, as we understood him to say, in the refusal to join the American Anti-Slavery *Society*, but in the refusal to come upon its *platform!* For the Society which built the platform and has fought so many battles upon it in behalf of the slave, Mr. F. has little regard; so far from condemning Mr. Beecher for not joining it, he is not even sure that he belongs to it himself! The *platform*, however, is another affair—something quite sacred and infallible—the end of the law for anti-slavery righteousness! To that he demands that Mr. Beecher and everybody else shall come, and "the answer to this demand," he says, "is THE ONE INFALLIBLE TEST BY WHICH I DECIDE THE GENUINENESS OF EVERY MAN'S ANTI-SLAVERY PROFESSIONS." This test seems to us arbitrary, inconsequential, unreasonable, absurd, preposterous. We protest against it with the united force of instinct and reflection, in the name of conscience and common sense, and in the interest of the cause we are set to defend. It is the duty of every man to be thoroughly and uncompromisingly opposed to slavery; to hold no relations, social, political or ecclesiastical, that involve complicity therewith; to testify against it continually in whatever sphere of life he may be called to move, and to aid in the diffusion of sound anti-slavery principles. Failing in either of these particulars, he will deserve rebuke. But every man has the right to judge for himself whether he can best serve the cause in or out of any particular Society, or on or off of any platform that such a Society may erect. We may think he errs in judgment upon this point, and the circumstances might be such as to give us reasonable ground to fear, if not to suspect, that he is swayed by improper motives; but the *fact itself* that he does not choose to stand upon this or that platform, even while he approves the defined conditions of coöperation which it presents, is not by any means conclusive evidence of insincerity. Nor, on the other hand, is the coming upon the platform conclusive evidence of honesty. There are, doubtless, many true-hearted friends of the slave who never stood upon our platform, and we fear there are not a few who have often been there, and who are yet unworthy of confidence. Mr. Foster's test, therefore, is as worthless as it is absurd. Undoubtedly it is our duty to coöperate with others in efforts to abolish slavery, but the *mode* of such coöperation must be determined by every man for himself. It is not necessary, in all cases, in order to coöperate with others, to join with them in a Society or stand with them upon any particular platform. If, for example Mr. Beecher would at once sunder his ecclesiastical connection with pro-slavery men and pro-slavery Churches, come out from the Republican party, and from this time forward preach uncompromising anti-slavery doctrines to his own congregation, even though he

the American Anti-Slavery Society! *We* cannot consent to obliterate the mark on any such terms, and we warn Mr. B. that, if he comes there to vindicate his lax Republican ideas, and without dissolving his pro-slavery ecclesiastical relations, we shall write on the wall and before his eyes, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

6. What is it to come upon the anti-slavery platform? May we or may we not say that Mr. Beecher stood there in 1853, when, at the Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, he made a brief address? Did he or did he not stand there when taking part with Garrison, Parker and Phillips in courses of Anti-Slavery Lectures, at the solicitation of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, an association which he well knew to be auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society? Whatever may be the true answer to these questions, it is certain that, in thus lecturing, he went as far toward a union with the Garrisonian Abolitionists as he did toward a union with Mr. Parker and his congregation by lecturing in the Fraternity course. In estimating the anti-slavery character of Mr. Beecher, moreover, it is only fair to state that he has often cooperated with us in our efforts to secure a hearing in New York for Garrison, Phillips, Parker and others, frequently, and without solicitation, pronouncing high encomiums upon them in his pulpit for their devotion to the cause, and urgently advising his congregation to go and hear them. This, at least, has a friendly look; and we know that he has thereby subjected himself to the hostile criticism not of open pro-slavery men alone, but of many who make high professions of anti-slavery. But these points are not necessary to our argument, and we do not care to urge them.

7. Mr. Foster misses entirely the ground upon which the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society condemned the New Organization. We well remember that Elizur Wright and others often charged us with virtually setting up for that Society the very claim of infallibility now urged by Mr. Foster; and it is just as distinctly within our recollection that we and others earnestly and emphatically denied the truth of that charge.

—We stop here, having written more than we intended. We trust we shall not have occasion to refer to the subject again.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

We informed our readers, several weeks ago, that Marius R. Robinson was about retiring from the editorship of *The Anti-Slavery Bugle*, to be succeeded by Benjamin S. Jones. Mr. Robinson, however, did not cease his connection with the paper until Saturday last, when he took leave of his readers in an address so appropriate and touching that we copy it entire:

A CHANGE—PARTING WORDS.

With the present number, my editorial connection with *The Anti-Slavery Bugle* ceases. With the next number, Benjamin S. Jones will assume its control. The reasons for my withdrawal are personal to myself, and I shall not trouble the reader with any reference to them. My heart is full at the thought that this interesting and important fraction of my life's work is ended. It is sad to speak the parting word to the thousands whom I have addressed on the most important topics, from week to week, for now these (nearly) eight years.

I assumed the duties of editor at first only temporarily, and compelled by necessity, because no one else appeared to fill the breach made by the departure of its able, experienced and devoted editor, Oliver Johnson. I come to these responsibilities with great reluctance, and yet with right good will to the cause, and resolved to do what I could, for the cause's sake. I have sought to keep an eye single to the slave's deliverance by means of truth and justice. In fidelity to this purpose, I have been often compelled to displease personal friends, to reason and remonstrate with mistaken fellow-laborers, as well as to expose and rebuke the selfish, time-serving and hypocritical. My failures have often been deeply humiliating; but however numerous my errors and unfortunate my short-comings, I feel a cheerful satisfaction in knowing that my purpose throughout has been to do what I could to serve and save the outcasts—those who have so few to sympathize with and aid them.

I have also the satisfaction of committing *The Bugle* to the charge of one who has had large experience in editorial and other anti-slavery labor; one who has been trusted in the East, and in the West as a tried, true and faithful friend of the cause; and who has its interests and the interests of the paper as its auxiliary deeply at heart; one to whose wisdom, judgment and integrity the Society has testified, year after year, by his annual appointment as a member of its Executive Committee, and as its Secretary. In his hands I know the moral standard of *The Bugle* will never be lowered, and I earnestly hope that its circulation, its prosperity and usefulness will be, as they will deserve to be, greatly augmented.

The Bugle is the representative of vitally important principles. Its appearance from week to week is a standing protest against that time-serving expediency which substitutes, in the Church as well as in the world, ignores the existence of a fixed moral law in the universe, and establishes anarchy in its place, by substituting as a moral standard the prejudices, wishes, or mistaken and conflicting policy and interests of ignorant and erring individuals in the community. The interests of a true humanity, the prevalent influence of a pure religion, and the triumphs of freedom and justice over slavery and outrage, require that the uncompromising protest of at least one paper in the great West should be regularly maintained. In parting, I can but urge upon every friend of the slave the importance of individual efforts to extend the circulation of the paper in view of this important part of its mission.

With the members of the Executive Committee, the members and friends of the Society, of the cause generally, I part, sorrowful with the thought that our pleasant intercourse is in part to cease; but happy in remembrance of their forbearance, liberality and friendly sympathy, which has so often and so greatly aided me in the work they entrusted to my care.

May we all continue to be faithful co-workers in our common cause, until Death shall write our discharge from this service, or till we are permitted to join the jubilee-shout of freedom over the emancipation of our millions of enslaved countrymen. No nobler service can be rendered to our race; no higher honors await us than those which cluster around such life-long fidelity.

M. R. Robinson.

We part with Mr. Robinson with feelings of deep regret. His editorial labors have been marked by rare good judgment and unswerving fidelity to the cause, and they have borne abundant fruit. *The Bugle* in his hands has given no uncertain or wavering sound. In the thickest of the conflict its clear notes have awakened hope and inspired courage in our thin and scattered ranks. Mr. Robinson is a forcible and vigorous writer as well as speaker, and we hope that, whatever may be his sphere of labor hereafter, the cause will not be wholly deprived of his public services in its behalf. Our best wishes accompany him in his retirement.

Of Mr. Jones it will be enough for us to say now that Mr. Robinson has not exaggerated his qualifications to fill again the post which he resigned ten years ago.

MISS REMOND IN ENGLAND.

We have before us the *Warrington Times* of Jan. 29th, containing a report of an anti-slavery lecture delivered in that town by Miss Sarah P. Remond, of Salem, Mass. The lecture was well adapted to stir the hearts of her auditors with sympathy for the American slaves and guide them to wise and beneficent action in their behalf. We may publish the report hereafter; at present we can only find room for the introductory remarks of the editor of the journal above named.

"We announced last week that a lecture would be given on Slave Life in America by Miss Remond, a colored lady, who has recently arrived in this country from America. From the notices we had observed of Miss Remond in the Liverpool papers, we had fortified ourselves in the belief that this lady was a person of no ordinary character, and certainly her lecture of Monday night in no way disappointed our expectations. We believe the design of Miss Remond is to make a tour through England with a view to awaken the public mind as to the evils of slavery, and to ask Englishmen to endorse propositions protesting against American slavery as a blot on the civilized world. This we venture to affirm she will find no difficulty in doing, and whilst on this topic we cannot but express our opinion that the public opinion of this country is too quiescent and apathetic on this monster evil of slavery. We believe if the public opinion of this country spoke out as loudly on behalf of the slave as it has on many other topics relating to the internal economy of other countries, it could not fail to produce an effect that must have a highly beneficial influence on the mind of the people of America; and as public opinion is supreme in that country, even more than in this, we cannot but think that such an expression would go far to produce the desired result. Miss Remond is one of the best female lecturers we have heard; her gentle and easy manner, combined with an animated and intelligent countenance, rivets the attention of her auditors; the character of the language in which she clothes her thoughts is oftentimes not of an ordinary character, and, spoken with a pure accent, and in the voice of a fine modulating nature, when declaiming on the wrongs and indignities heaped upon her race, she is often eloquent and thrilling. We think we may venture to say that the Music Hall was never so packed before. Not a foot of standing room could be obtained in any part of the building. Immediately on the doors being opened at half-past seven a dense crowd filled every available seat, and within ten minutes after on going to the hall we found several people returning despairing of admittance. Great numbers of most respectable people were thus debarred entrance. We think that the gentlemen making the arrangements would have acted more wisely had they issued tickets, and thus have secured a few seats for the better class of people who were almost entirely excluded, or a small charge would have effected the object. It was some time before order could be obtained, and even after the lecture commenced the noise continued, as the most determined efforts were made by parties outside to force their way into the building. But the audience was remarkably attentive throughout, and lustily cheered at intervals. The chair was taken by R Gaskell, Esq., who in eloquent terms descanted on the horrors of slavery, and introduced Miss Remond to the meeting."

At the conclusion of the address, the following resolutions (the first moved by Mr. Robson and seconded by Mr. S. M. Webster, the second moved by Mr. Ashton and seconded by Mr. C. J. Holmes) were unanimously carried amidst the most enthusiastic cheering:

"That this meeting expresses its full conviction of the anti-Christian character of the institution of human slavery wherever and under whatever conditions it exists, and especially in the United States of America; that it is a hindrance to national progress, physical, social and moral; that more than any other institution of any civilized country it tends to produce general corruption of the national conscience; that to the extent of its existence it is alike destructive of the true happiness and best interests of both the oppressor and the oppressed; and is subversive of the true Christian life in the soul."

"That this meeting tenders its warmest thanks to Miss Remond for her interesting and able exposition of the present condition of the African people in the United States; deeply sympathizes with her feelings at the oppression and wrongs to which her race is systematically subjected in that country; and appeals to the Christian feelings of America to labor to remove so deep a stain from their national character."

We assure the friends of humanity in Great Britain that they do not utter their testimony against American slavery in vain. The lightest word, if born of an earnest purpose to aid the cause, is potent for good. While it blesses themselves, it will also cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of those who, in the United States, are fighting the battles of Liberty at such fearful odds.

NO MORE SLAVE-HUNTING IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

DR. CHEEVER AT THE CAPITOL.

ALBANY, Feb. 26, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

You have already been informed that, on the presentation of several petitions for a law forbidding the arrest of any person as a *slave* within this State, the Legislature appointed a Select Committee on the subject. That Committee consists of three decided friends of such a law, one half-and-half, and one opponent. In order to present the strongest argument against man-stealing to the Legislature, the Committee invited the Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D.D., of New York, to address the members and others in the Assembly Chamber last Friday evening. On that evening the seats were filled by a thoughtful, intelligent audience, and Dr. Cheever proceeded to deliver one of the most able and logical arguments against slavery, and especially against the Fugitive Slave bill, that was ever listened to in the Capitol. As you have had opportunities of hearing it in New York, I need not occupy space in stating its strong points. But, having heard, I believe, every distinguished advocate of Freedom, including Seward, Sumner, Garrison, Parker, Hale, Phillips, Mann and others, I do not feel that I am indulging in exaggeration when I say that no man in this country ever presented a more convincing and eloquent array of arguments against "the sum of all villanies" than Dr. Cheever's of last evening. Never before was the Bible so completely vindicated from all sanction of slavery. Never did I hear such a happy and electrifying choice of words so compactly applied to the denunciation of the sin of the Nation and the sin of the Church. The universal expression at the close of the discourse was, "It must be printed and circulated all over the land." I hope that will be done eventually. But it should first be heard by thousands and thousands. To be fully appreciated, it needs the magnetic power of the speaker's earnestness and inspiration. The rapt attention of his hearers last evening proves this. But I must hasten to state the most important consequence of Dr. Cheever's great effort.

To-day (Saturday) the Committee reported a bill in the Assembly, which I think you will say is far superior in stringency and power to that of Vermont or of Massachusetts. It goes the whole length of *entire prohibition of slave-hunting* in the Empire State—cuts it up, root and branch. And a most remarkable welcome it received from the House! A motion to make it the special order for Wednesday next, after a specious opposition, was carried, 65 to 28. Several friends of the bill voted in the minority—one spoke on that side—because they have matters of more personal interest waiting to be considered. Besides, argued the enemies of the motion, "the bill is not yet printed."

I repeat, this large vote in its favor is a most encouraging omen. Now let the people outside of Albany do their duty. Be up and doing with petitions, letters, meetings, &c. Send to the members newspapers and tracts on the subject, and address them words of encouragement and entreaty. A glorious triumph is possible. A few, I know, are doing all they can do for the cause. Reader, will you not join them? A Republican.

We thank our correspondent for this timely letter, as for other similar favors. Here is a synopsis of the bill of which he speaks, and which was reported in the House by Mr. Powell, of Ontario County; the title being "An act to protect the rights and liberties of the citizens of New York."

SYNOPSIS OF THE BILL.

Section 1. No person within this State shall be considered as property or treated as such; nor shall any person within this State be deprived of liberty or property without due process of law.

Sec. 2 defines due process of law to be the usual process and forms in force by the laws of this State and provides for a jury trial.

Sec. 3. Whenever any person shall be arrested on the ground of owing service or labor to any person not an inhabitant of this State, either party may claim a jury trial, and shall have twenty peremptory challenges in addition to the challenges to which a person indicted is now entitled.

Sec. 4. Every person who shall deprive or attempt to deprive any other person of his or her liberty, contrary to the provisions of the preceding sections of this act, shall be guilty of a felony, and subject to a fine of $1,000 to $5,000, and imprisonment from 5 to 20 years.

Sec. 5. Neither descent, near or remote, from an African, whether such African is or may have been a slave or not, nor color of skin or complexion, shall disqualify any person from being or becoming a citizen of this State, nor deprive such person of the rights and privileges thereof.

Sec. 6. Every person who may have been held as a slave, who shall be brought or come to this State, shall be *free*.

Sec. 7. Every person who shall hold or attempt to hold in this State, in slavery or as a slave, any person or any free person, in any form or for any time, however short, under the pretence that such person is or has been a slave, shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary for a term of 5 to 20 years, and fined from $1,000 to $10,000.

Sec. 8. Any person sustaining wrong or injury by any proceeding punishable by the preceding sections of this act may maintain an action and recover damages therefor in any Court of record of this State.

Sec. 9. No person, while holding any office of honor, trust or emolument under the laws of this State, shall in any capacity issue any warrant or other process, or grant any certificate under or by virtue of the Fugitive Slave bill, or shall in any capacity serve any such warrant or other process.

Sec. 10 provides that any person who shall violate any provisions of Sec. 9 of this Act shall be deemed to have resigned any office he may hold under the laws of this State, and shall be thereafter forever ineligible to any office of trust, honor or emolument, under the laws of this State.

Sec. 11. Any person acting as an attorney or counsel for a slave-hunter shall forfeit any office he may hold under the laws of this State, and shall be debarred from practising in the Courts of the State.

Sec. 12 subjects any Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, Constable, Policeman, or other State, County, City or Town officer of this State who shall arrest, imprison, detain, or aid in arresting or returning any person adjudged to be a fugitive slave, to imprisonment from two to ten years, and a fine from one to ten thousand dollars.

Sec. 13 requires the Governor, by and with the advice of the Senate, to appoint in each county of the State an attorney, whose duty it shall be to defend all persons claimed as fugitive slaves, to receive $50 for each person so defended, to be paid by the State, on the warrant of the Governor.

The Rev. Samuel May, Jr., writes us from Boston as follows: "We have had C. C. Burleigh's excellent speech at our Annual Meeting ('No Slave-hunting,' &c.) put in a tract form, sent a copy to every member of our Legislature, and also enough to supply all the New York Legislature, to Albany. By Tuesday or Wednesday next, we shall have Wendell Phillips's splendid argument before the Legislative Committee (almost before the Legislature, I might say, for I think a full half of the members were present) ready in the same form, and shall send to both Legislatures, as above."

We entreat those of our friends who have not already done their duty in this particular to take hold at once of the work of circulating petitions for the enactment of the bill before the Legislature. The fate of the measure may depend upon the earnestness and diligence with which the work is done. Petitions ought to be poured in from every County and Township in the State, and probably there is not a single neighborhood where one or more signatures might not be obtained.

FORM OF PETITION.

To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:

The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person, who has been held as a slave, shall be delivered up, by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this Commonwealth, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes "service or labor" to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

A WORD FOR MY SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

As the "negro question" seems to be the only one of any interest, it may not be out of the way if I give your readers a few passages from a private correspondence of my own.

A Southern friend has written me a rather pleasant and gossipping letter, full of local news, a few items of which I will transfer to your columns, hoping that a chance number of The Standard may stray into my friend's hands, and that he will find his letter *thus* promptly answered!

In the first place, my worthy correspondent informs me that "the cause of religion" (I quote accurately) "is flourishing" in his neighborhood, and recounts some remarkable accessions to the Church; all of which information I received with due and appropriate satisfaction. But, as I am generally considered to take a very low and human view of these matters, I confess that I read with more interest the succeeding paragraph, in which I was informed that a quondam friend of mine had made a successful bargain in the purchase of a negro man, for whom he had paid the sum of eighteen hundred dollars! "And this," adds my correspondent, "was considered *cheap*, as the man will more than pay for himself in the course of two or three years."

A negro boy, about fourteen years of age, had also been sold for twelve hundred dollars, which was reported by my faithful correspondent (?) to be much below actual value!

Now, I suppose I am a little singular—perhaps ultra—in presuming that a negro is something more than a machine, out of which you can grind so much work, and only deserving of such few creature comforts as the Southern statute-book allows him. Perhaps I am wrong; this may be the correct view of the subject, which statesmen and politicians arrive at, by a curious process of ratiocination, unknown to the vulgar. I've tried very hard, indeed, to listen to the *wise* when they talked these matters over, but, somehow, was never deep enough to see exactly as they wanted me to. I ought not to be blamed for this, because I am sadly deficient in divination, and can't cast the horoscope which opens out such a clear view of the *negro's future* (?). I have only to see and do with his *present*. My ignorance is, no doubt, to be pitied by those who *see* further and deeper.

Forgive me if I make the curious mistake of seeing in the slave a man, not a chattel; a creature of lively impulses and strong attachments; "a man and a brother," as has been outlandishly said by some crazy poet.

And this reminds me to tell you of a singular little circumstance I chanced to hear of not long since. A negro man was emancipated about a year ago, or (to express it more in accordance with the phraseology of my friends on the other side of the line) was driven away from the blessedness of slavery, and cast out destitute and alone upon the world,

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

This same negro man became so enamored of his wretchedness that he has actually, by hard efforts, purchased his wife from that ever-to be honored state of slavery. It is strange that these negroes should take such a low view of life, and be so ignorant of what is best for them! Now, this man, of whom I speak, did not reject slavery because he lacked experience of its great benefits, for he was born to it, and had *enjoyed* its privileges for nearly forty years; yet he turned away from its enticements, its cheer and comfort, and, with a hearty good will, assumed the trials, hardships and difficulties which accompany the life of the freeman. Truly, the negro is dull!

Wise people tell us that the slaves are unfitted for freedom; that "immediate and unconditional emancipation" would embarrass the State; that the country would be burdened with new and heavy expenses. Oh, what a frightful picture of want, misrule and suffering these wiseacres paint! Then they quote the condition of the West Indies until I am tired of hearing of those far-off islands. Why don't we argue the matter on home soil, and look to the facts that lie around us? Everybody knows that in the Southern border States one negro not unfrequently supports four white men! The charge of Cuffy's indolence comes with a strange grace from these white-faced gentlemen idlers!

We are never content to let the sugar, cotton and tobacco crops answer the question of the negro's industry. "Oh," said a Southerner, "the whip produces these." It seems to me that the same thing which makes the white man work would be a fine substitute for the overseer's lash. Try the slave with the bribe of money, and see if he don't work as well. We dare say at first he'll want a little rest. Any overworked animal would.

Personal property exercises a wonderful influence upon individual character. A quaint old negro, whom I used to know, was once seen walking in a severe rain storm, with his hat under his coat, while his bare head received the full peltings of the storm.

"Uncle Jerry," observed a gentleman who was passing, "why don't you put on your hat?"

"Ah, no, massa; this here" (touching the covered hat) "is my Sunday hat; it 'longs to me; I can't 'ford to lose it; dis here head 'longs to master."

So even the negro (of whom we exact all sorts of perfection) manifests the usual human selfishness; *that* at least he holds in common with his proud white brother. Another slave, who was the holder of a successful lottery ticket (eight hundred dollars), conceived the insane desire of purchasing himself. Putting on the air of a man of means, he went to his master one morning, and, in a business-like manner, inquired, "Master, how much would you take for me?"

"Well, Tom, I don't wish to sell you," was the reply.

"But for how much would you sell me to myself, master?" (I quote exactly).

"Well, Tom, I again say I don't wish to sell; but if you have the money and want to be free, I'll let you go for seven hundred dollars."

Tom was a black Yankee, and liked to drive a good bargain; so he *wisely* abandoned the idea of the trade, remarking to one of his friends that "*niggers was too high, he'd wait until they fell before he bought one.*"

Of course, this shrewdness was commendable, especially when we remember that Tom owned a swift pair of legs, and that it was not impossible to cross the Ohio river! These ungrateful slaves are sometimes quite funny—indulge in a little pleasant wit—and with a curious eye discern the comedy which lies concealed beneath the misery of their condition, and laugh with a sublime self-contempt even as they rattle their chains. An old negro woman once sneeringly asked, "Why white folks *put up* with having blood the same color of niggers?"

Why do they? It is a humiliation to which the Anglo-Saxon pride should not submit. This reminds me of another amusing little incident.

A lady acquaintance of mine promised a favorite servant that, when he married, she would give him a white satin vest as a wedding gift. The wedding, however, did not occur during Charles's slave life, but sometime after he had settled himself in Canada, when, remembering his mistress's generous offer, he wrote to remind her of it.

"The package will reach me safely," wrote Charles, "if sent, pre-paid, by Adams's Express, Montreal, to the care of ——"; and, concluding with warm remembrances to the children and family servants, signed himself "yours truly."

"Unmitigated impudence!" exclaimed the mistress, "after all my kindness and indulgence to him, to be so insulted. But you can hope for nothing from a negro."

From what the politicians say, I have thought it would not be a bad plan to propose "relief meetings" for poor, oppressed slaveholders, and thus call the attention of philanthropists to the fact that the planter—not the slave—is the one to be sympathized with and pitied. At least the politicians say so, and the politicians "are honorable men." To be sure, Cuffy and Sambo have a comparatively easy time; 'tis the master upon whom "the system" bears so heavily. The Abolitionists, it seems, have made a great mistake. Let them be made aware of it as soon as possible, and direct their sympathy to the proper channel.

Think what a constant drain it is upon the master's purse to provide for the daily wants of Cuffy and Sambo! How very hard it is for this same master to be obliged to come North every summer and spend months at the fashionable watering-places, to be encumbered with large hotel bills and forced to buy costly laces and jewels for wife and daughter! Think what it is to be so bothered, all for the benefit of Cuffy, who is at home working so happily on the "old plantation," unknowing and uncaring for these troubles, yet providing the money which his master is thus cruelly called upon to spend!!

I am sorry I cannot add my testimony to the statement of the slave's happiness which is made with such seeming sincerity. Unfortunately, my experience is just the contrary. All of the slaves whom I have seen have been foolish, unhappy, dissatisfied creatures, not seeming to see the benefits and Christianizing influences that arise from their condition, but sighing all the while for that much to be dreaded thing, "personal liberty."

G——n.

PERSONAL.

Richard Cobden, the English champion of political reform, arrived in New York last week.

The Rev. Samuel J. May arrived safely in Paris on the 20th of January, as we learn by a letter written on that day to the Syracuse *Standard*.

Information is received from the Hon. Charles Sumner, that his health is much improved, and that he will return early in the spring. He will be present to occupy his seat in the Senate, should an extra session be called.

The friends of Rev. Theodore Parker will be glad to learn that he bore the voyage well to the West Indies, and was on deck every day during the passage, cheerful and apparently strong. He landed at Havana, instead of going on immediately to Nassau, N. P.

Dr. Cheever delivered an address on slavery in the Mechanics Institute, Worcester Mass., on Tuesday evening. There is a plan on foot, we understand, to procure the delivery in Boston of Dr. Cheever's series of anti-slavery discourses now in progress here.

Mr. R. W. Emerson has been engaged to lecture six Sundays in Theodore Parker's Society, which will probably pay him $50 a Sunday. The Society finds no difficulty in raising money, and the interest in the Sabbath services has by no means died out since Mr. Parker's regretted retirement.

Queen Victoria takes such an interest in public affairs that the leader of the House of Commons is expected on every important debate, or when any public business of unusual interest is transacted in Parliament, to send a short report of the same to the Queen the same night. This despatch is generally written in the minister's room, and sent direct from the House of Commons to the Palace.

Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson addressed the congregation of Spiritualists, at Dodworth's Hall, in this city, on Sunday morning and evening last, and will do so also to-morrow morning and evening. His standing as a reformer, his rare oratorical powers, and his wide literary culture conspire to create a strong interest in his views of Spiritualism; consequently he speaks to large audiences.

Miss Anne Warren Weston took passage for Europe in the Africa on Wednesday. The anti-slavery cause has no friend more devoted, or more clear-sighted, than Miss Weston. Her labors in its behalf, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been as useful as they were indefatigable. She will be missed in the meetings of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, but for that her services abroad will be no small compensation.

On the occasion of the birth day of James Russell Lowell, a number of his friends in Boston gave him a dinner at the Parker House. Agassiz sat at the head of the table, and Longfellow at the foot. Lowell himself sat on the ichthyological Professor's right hand, while Emerson occupied the seat on the left. *Au reste*, the guests were: Stillman, the author and artist; Dr. Holmes; Underwood, the author of "Bulls and Bears," now publishing in the *Atlantic Monthly*; Mr. Edmund Quincy, Professor Felton, Mr. Dwight of *The Journal of Music*, with others equally agreeable or distinguished. Emerson read a strangely beautiful poem, suggested by the event celebrated; Dr. Holmes read another, and Mr. Lowell replied to these compliments in verse. Several charming birth-day gifts were presented to the Poet Professor by his friends, among others a picture by Stillman.

PHILLIPS AND GARRISON IN HUDSON.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Wendell Phillips gave his lecture on Toussaint L'Ouverture to a large and intelligent audience in this city last evening. The lecture, which is an eloquent and most noble vindication of the colored race, and equally an effective anti-slavery plea, was listened to with the closest attention, and, as the hated negro prejudice gradually melted away, elicited frequent and hearty applause. It cannot fail to do great good wherever delivered, in rightly adjusting in the public mind the claims of a long proscribed and unjustly despised and persecuted portion of the human race. Mr. Garrison, during his recent visit to this State, also lectured here. His theme was "American Slavery." The audience, though not as large as could have been desired, was select in quality and highly appreciative. Mr. G. had never before spoken here, and, known to the people only by the "evil reports" which have everywhere preceded him, the fear of his "horns and hoofs" had not subsided. It is most gratifying to note the effect of Mr. Garrison's presence and speech upon such audiences, addressed by him for the first time. Good and sensible persons wonder very much how they could have been so mistaken in their estimate of the man! Frequently as I have heard Mr. G., I have never listened him when he seemed more truly inspired to express the word suited to the hour, and the impression made was highly favorable to the cause.

The evening preceding his visit here Mr. Garrison lectured in Poughkeepsie, also for the first time. Although greeted by a tremendous hail storm, his lecture, I understand, created much interest, and is most heartily commended by those who heard it.

You are doubtless ere this in possession of a copy of the Personal Liberty Bill introduced, on Saturday morning last, in the Assembly. For the better protection of the heroic fugitive, the more effectual banishment of the slave-hunter from our soil, and for the credit of our State, I shall hope that it may be recorded upon the statute book. A. M. P.

Hudson, N. Y., March 1, 1859.

MR. DALLAS AND THE HAYTIEN MINISTER.

A FALSE REPORT CORRECTED.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Dear Sir: In the descriptive sketch of the opening of Parliament published in *The Times* of the 5th inst., you will find the following statement: "The American minister, wearing a plain black coat, enters the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps, while his simple dress is at once conspicuous amid the rich uniforms and glittering orders which all around him wear. The Swedish and Netherlands ministers follow, with the minister from Hayti, whom, though what is politely termed a gentleman of color, Mr. Dallas nevertheless cordially recognizes and shakes hands with." Pray, do not for one moment attach the slightest credit to this story. In the first place, it cannot be true, for the sufficient reason that the Haytien minister was not present at the ceremony. But besides this, no American Ambassador to this country has ever had the Republican courtesy or courage to recognize as his friend or equal even the representatives of negro States in alliance with England, who have been received at the Court of the Queen and in the highest circles of English society with quite as much honor as himself, and perhaps with more genuine regard and respect. The probability is that *The Times's* reporter mistook the Spanish or Portuguese minister for the Haytien, or he may have sacrificed truth for the sake of a little embellishment. However that may be, Mr. Dallas must not receive credit for an action which he is incapable of performing.

I remain, dear sir, yours truly, F. W. Chesson.

London, 9th Feb., 1859.

P. S. Both Mr. Thompson and myself had the pleasure of spending some time with that excellent man, the Rev. S. J. May, before his departure for the continent. He was then in pretty good health.

Mr. Burleigh's Speech.—A very able speech, which only the limitations of our space prevented us from publishing, was delivered at the late anniversary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, by that eloquent champion of the cause, Charles C. Burleigh. The title of the speech was, "The Duty of Massachusetts and the People of the North"; its object to exhibit the rightful claims of the fugitive slave to protection, at whatever hazard, from his pursuers. The argument is conclusive, the high moral tone of the speech ennobling and inspiriting. We are glad, therefore, that it has been printed in pamphlet form, for general circulation.

Lest a remark we made last week, in noticing the latest issue of the *Westminster Review*, should lead to a wrong inference, we wish to say that, in acknowledging the profit derived from reading the paper on "Chloroform and other Anæsthetics," we alluded to the scientific features of the article, not at all to the attempt to support the unfounded claims of Dr. Morton as a discoverer. If we had spoken upon the latter point, we should have expressed then, as we do now, our regret that the *Westminster* has been deceived by interested American testimony and led to tell the story of the discovery of ether without giving the credit of it to Dr. Jackson.

Our Washington Correspondence.

The Slave Power makes another stride onward—The great Debate in the Senate—Quarrel in the Democratic party—Description of the Debate—Its effect upon Mr. Douglas and the Democratic party—The Cuban bill—Contest between the Republicans and Democrats—A night session—The Republicans triumphant—Cuban bill withdrawn—Postage Question—Lucretia Mott in Washington—Eli Thayer—The Tragedy.

Washington, D. C., March 1, 1859.

The Slave Power has deliberately taken another step forward. Step by step, for the last fifty years, it has encroached upon the liberties of the country, and imposed a harsher and more ignoble vassalage upon the people of the free States.

Having succeeded in repealing the Missouri Compromise, but failing to make Kansas a slave State, it now boldly advances upon the North, demanding the intervention of Congress in that and other Territories *for the protection of slave property* against the local laws of the Territory. This is the new demand of slavery, and it is but preliminary to another—the protection by the Federal Government *of slavery in the States*.

The great debate in the Senate last week, after I had closed my letter, upon the non-intervention doctrines of Mr. Douglas, revealed the fact that the entire South, with a portion of the North, demand Congressional protection of slavery in all the territories. Two Senators at least from free States went with the slaveholders—Gwin of California, and Bigler of Pennsylvania, both unmitigated doughfaces. The debate was one of the most important which has occurred in Congress for years, and in all the attendant circumstances reminded me of the great debates of years ago, which have, by their importance, become historical.

The Senate floor was crowded for hours, and from midday till midnight every seat in the galleries was occupied. For several hours the debate was principally confined to two gentlemen—Douglas and Jefferson Davis. The last named Senator was exceedingly severe upon Mr. Douglas, provokingly so, and he at last aroused the "Little Giant" to a lion-like opposition. Leaving the hall for a half hour to get my dinner, upon coming back, before I had entered the Senate hall and while I was in one of the ante-rooms, the sound of Mr. Douglas's voice almost startled me. It reminded me of the roar of a wild beast, of a wounded and infuriated lion. There was something indiscribably thrilling in it—a mixture of pain, defiance and indignation. It turned out that Davis had been piercing him to the quick by his sharp, cutting, terrible sentences, and Mr. Douglas was defending himself. I could not but sigh over the loss of such a man to the cause of freedom. If Mr. Douglas had been endowed with high moral qualities, he would have made his name go down to future ages as the second Deliverer of his Country. But now he will, in a few years, sink into insignificance. The conduct of the Southern Senators in the debate shows conclusively that they will not support him as a Presidential candidate. It was insultingly hurled in his teeth that Popular Sovereignty could not carry a Southern State. But one Southern Senator stood by Douglas, and that was Clingman of North Carolina, who spoke the exact truth when he declared that Southern Senators well knew that they had assented to Mr. D.'s notions of Popular Sovereignty for the sake of obtaining the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. This is but another trick of the chivalry, and Douglas deserves to be their victim. "Let us separate peaceably, if we cannot go on together," were Mr. Douglas's ominous words, in reply to some peculiarly provoking remark of one of his Southern friends. But where will he go? It is too late to join the Republicans. He has swallowed too much dirt since he came out so bravely upon Lecompton last winter to ever get the respect of the Republicans.

The Southern Senators had by far the best of the argument in the controversy with Douglas, Stuart and other Northern Democrats. Claiming that the Constitution recognizes slaves as property, they concluded very justly that if the rights of property were violated in the Territories by a small band of settlers, Congress must intervene in defence of the rights of the weak. Who can gainsay such a conclusion that concedes the premises? Douglas admitted that slaves were property, just as hogs and sheep are, and Jeff. Davis cornered him down till his writhing was painful to behold. The only point where Douglas was impregnable was in the assertion that the South had agreed to be content with non-intervention, and that the party platform was based upon his views, and they could not call themselves good party men if they refused to abide by the platform of the party.

This discussion, which I have noticed somewhat according to its importance, cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence upon the people of the free States. They see now what it is the South has all along been after—*universal slavery!* So the singular debate which sprung up on an amendment to an Appropriation bill may yet result in wresting the sceptre of power from the hands of the Slave Oligarchy.

The Cuban bill has been knocked in the head the last week, after a severe and protracted struggle between its friends and enemies, in the Senate. Friday noon Senator Slidell called up the bill and announced that its friends, who were in a majority in the Senate, had determined that no adjournment should take place until a vote was taken upon it. Every one knew that the Democrats had been in caucus and this was its result. But six working days of the session remained, and many of the appropriation bills had not been acted on, yet the party responsible for their passage at the close of the session saw fit to introduce a measure of momentous importance. Under these circumstances, the Republicans declared that they should deliver all the speeches they desired upon the bill, and, if the session closed before they were done, of course the responsibility belonged to the Administration, which pressed the measure upon Congress. Speeches were made upon the bill from noon of Friday till about eight o'clock in the evening, when Senator Wade remarked that for two nights the Senate had been in session till midnight, and he nor his colleagues were to be driven to speak at unseasonable hours; he therefore moved an adjournment. The majority would not allow this, so the minority resorted to "dilatory motions," which was just and proper. It was moved to bring up the Homestead bill, and an exciting scene ensued. The slaveholders were out of temper, and Toombs cracked his negro whip around the ears of the Republicans. He called Seward "a two-penny demagogue," and dealt out his slang in every direction in the same style. He said the Homestead bill was "a bill to give land to the landless." Wade of Ohio replied in a manly style to the slave aristocrat. "It is true," he said, "that this *is* a bill to give land to the landless, but yours is a bill to give niggers to the niggerless." The galleries cheered at this reply. Mr. Wade replied most effectively to the insolence of Toombs. As for Mr. Seward, who was the point of Toombs's attack, he was very mild and courteous in his reply. His rule is never to be provoked by his enemies, but, in my opinion, such Senators as Wade and Fessenden take a wiser course. They do not allow themselves to lose their dignity; but whenever an insolent braggart like Toombs endeavors to horsewhip them in public, they expose his want of decency upon the spot. Under the withering rebuke of Wade, Toombs wilted down into his seat and behaved himself like a gentleman for the rest of the night. Had Charles Sumner pursued the policy which Mr. Seward adopts, he would never have been harmed, though he doubtless would have been insulted every other day of his Senatorial life. But to the contest. The Republicans triumphed. At one o'clock in the morning Slidell gave way, seeing that the Republicans were determined on enjoying their rights, and on Saturday he gave up the bill, giving as an excuse that the Republicans were obstinate and were bent on defeating the appropriation bills. Such was not the fact. The Republicans said: "You introduce this bill at this time at the peril of the public business. If you press the measure, *we shall discuss it.*" This was right, and the bill was withdrawn.

The Senate has voted to abolish the franking privilege and to raise letter-postage everywhere to five cents. A long and exciting discussion arose upon these amendments in the Senate, but they finally passed by a party majority. The House will probably agree with the amendment which abolishes the franking privilege, but will strike out the one raising the postage.

Last Sunday morning I set out, with considerable curiosity, for the Orthodox Congregational Church (Mr. Bassett's) in this city, expecting to hear Lucretia Mott. I had never listened to her myself, and was curious, like many others, to see the woman so widely known for her eloquence, and I was still more curious to know how the people of this slave city would greet her. I was a little surprised, upon entering the church, to find it nearly or quite full, and people were constantly coming in to fill the few seats still vacant. Looking around me, I saw a great number of Congressmen, and almost as many slaveholding members as Republicans. In one corner sat Gov. Smith of Va.—"Extra Billy," as he is called—in another place Sandidge of La., Seward of Georgia, and other prominent Southern representatives. The audience was one which Mrs. Mott and other radical anti-slavery preachers or speakers very rarely obtain. As for the discourse, I can scarcely trust myself to speak of it, for it was the first time I had heard Mrs. Mott, and I was completely entranced from the first word to the last. Everybody I have seen says that it was an exquisitely beautiful and eloquent effort. The silence in the house was strange. Not a word was lost, and it seemed as if the audience were unwilling to lose one, for they hung breathless upon her lips. The impression made upon her audience was at once profound and happy. The slaveholders even spoke kindly of her, and I need not tell you that the speaker did not omit to

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DYING FLOWER.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the German of RUCKERT.

HOPE! again the Spring returneth,
Thou thy life once more shalt find,
Still are all the flowerets hoping,
Scattered by the Autumn wind.
All their buds, with strength so silent,
Hope the long, cold winter through,
Till the sap's again in motion,
And springs forth a verdure new.

"Ah, I am no sturdy tree,
Which, a thousand summers brave,
When its winter dream is over,
Doth new vernal poems wave.
Ah, I am the blossom only,
Wakened by May's kiss to light,
And of which no trace remaineth,
Hidden 'neath its grave so white."

Though thou art a blossom only,
O thou meek and lowly mind,
Comfort take, seeds for the future
Are to all that blooms assigned.
Let the storm of death o'erwhelming,
Far and wide thy life-dust strew,
From the dust thou shalt hereafter,
Myriad times, thyself renew.

"Yes, there will be others like me,
That shall after me arise;
For the *All* is green forever,
'Tis the *One* alone that dies.
But if they shall be what I was,
I myself shall be no more;
Only now exist I truly,
Not hereafter nor before.

"If the sunbeam ere should warm them,
That now flames through me so bright,
How does that the hard face soften
That now exiles me to the night?
Sun! already from the distance,
Toward them thou dost turn thine eye;
Yet why, with such chill disdaining,
Laugh'st thou at me from the sky?

"Woe is me, that thee I trusted,
Kissed into being by thy ray,
That into thine eye I gazed,
Till it stole my life away.
Now, to keep this life's poor remnant
From all sympathy with thee,
Wrapt in self, with feverish firmness,
Far away from thee I'll flee.

"Nathless, the stiff ice of sorrow
Thou dost melt in tears, O Sun!
Take my fleeting life, O take it
Up to thee, Eternal One!
Yes, from my sad soul the anguish
Thou will sun away at last;
Dying, I for all would thank thee
Thou hast given in the past;

"For all the fresh morning breezes,
That I bent to summer through;
For the butterflies' gay motion,
That around me dancing flew;
For the eyes my beauty freshened,
Hearts my fragrance made more gay;
Of beauty and of fragrance form'd'st thou
Me—I give Thee thanks to-day.

"One grace, though so very humble,
Of thy world, in thy great love,
In the fields thou lett'st me blossom,
As the stars in plains above.
Yet one breath let me inspire,
And it shall not be a sigh;
One look on the fair world round me,
One up to the heavens on high!

"Flame-heart of the world, eternal,
O receive my failing light!
Heaven, span thy tent of azure,
Mine, all withered, sinks in night.
Hail, O Spring-time, to thy splendor;
Morning-breeze, hail to thy sighs;
Without care I sink to slumber,
Hopeless ere again to rise."

New Bedford.

THE FLOWER-PATH, AND WHERE IT ENDED.

For The Standard.

EMILY was my brother's wife; and so we were sisters. My brother Charles, who often went to the West Indies, met her at her mother's house in Barbadoes, and immediately fell in love with her. We first knew of it by his writing home that "he had met the sweetest face and the kindest heart in all the world." His stay in the island, for business, was to have been four days; a period which he unexpectedly lengthened to five weeks. After he returned to New York, as he had been so long absent, we supposed that his next trip to the tropics would not be undertaken very soon. I was, therefore, not a little surprised when he said to me, on the very day of his arrival, and in a very confidential manner,

"Sue, I am going back in three weeks!"

"What?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he; "and you shall go with me."

"Why should *I* go?" I asked, affecting to be quite ignorant of any occasion which might call me thither.

"Oh!" he replied, "I will tell you on the way."

And just a month from that very day, I attended a wedding in Barbadoes! How pleasantly, even now, I recall the scene! The service was held in a little antiquated church that stood in seclusion in the suburbs of the town. After the ceremony was over, as the bride and the bridegroom, at the head of the wedding-party, emerged from the door, there was a general burst of joy at the surprise of finding that some cunning hands had strewn the path to the gateway with fresh-plucked leaves and flowers, which lay upon the ground in such dense profusion that they were to be trodden under foot at every step!

My brother said to his blushing wife, who leaned trembling on his arm,

"Emily, see! we begin our happiness with most propitious signs!"

A moment afterward, on reaching the gate, she looked up into his face and replied,

"Perhaps our happiness is to be short; for, look! we no longer tread on flowers."

He smiled at the quaintness of her conceit, and, unlocking her arm from his, took her by the hand, and led her down the old lane to the old house.

Emily was a beautiful girl; or perhaps I should say a beautiful woman; for at twenty, girlhood has ended and womanhood begun. But notwithstanding her beauty, her chief attractiveness was in her mind and heart, and not in her face; and Charles was more proud of her than of a princess.

In less than a fortnight we sailed. Her mother, in parting, said to her,

"Good-bye, Emily: I may never see you again"; and turning to me, she added,

"Be a good sister to her!"

From that hour, I loved her as truly like a sister as if she had been of my own blood and kindred.

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Summer and autumn passed quickly, and winter was passing. In January, she was taken suddenly ill—her sickness resulting from a slight exposure. She had been at a green-house to buy flowers to fill a favorite porcelain vase. I accompanied her. The weather was damp and cold, and on our way we were overtaken by a slight fall of snow, which, before we returned, changed into rain and sleet. But as both of us were in robust health, we had no fear of the storm. The only circumstance that gave me any thought, and which I now distinctly remember, was our accidental meeting with Charles, who had reached the house a moment before, and stood waiting on the steps. As we came up, he said jocosely—

"Well, Emily, is it not as well to carry flowers in your hands as to tread them under your feet?"

"Yes," she replied archly, "it is better."

"Then," said he, "the signs do not fail yet."

Emily took a cold and shortly afterwards a fever. She was confined first to her room and then to her bed. Medical advice was had, but she grew steadily worse for five successive days. At length, on the sixth day, about nine o'clock in the morning, she was so manifestly worse that we were alarmed, and sent a sudden summons for the physician. She had awakened from a short and disturbed sleep, with an unusual expression of excitement on her face. She called Charles and myself to the bedside, and said very suddenly,

"I believe I am going to die!"

Her tone was so strange that we were startled.

"Your fever is high," said Charles, "and you are excited."

"I am not thinking of the fever," said she; "do you remember those two letters? I am thinking of *them*; I have scarcely recalled them till this morning; I know now what they mean."

She added nothing more, and as she seemed inclined to drowsiness, we did not disturb her with conversation. She soon fell into a quiet sleep.

It was three-quarters of an hour before the doctor came. When he rang the bell, I went out of the room to meet him.

"Softly!" said I, in a low voice, speaking to him from the head of the stair-case. "She has just fallen asleep," I whispered, "and the least noise will waken her." And when he was on the point of entering the room, I whispered again,

"I have something strange to tell you. After you have seen her, come down into the library."

He entered the room, and I went down stairs. I knew that my sister was very sick, but my anxiety, though it was great, was chiefly in view of the probability of a slow and tedious recovery. Although I was not without apprehensions, I gave them only a momentary place in my mind.

Full twenty minutes, or perhaps half an hour, passed, before the doctor left the sick-chamber. In the meantime, I had taken from the book-case two letters which I wanted to show him when he came down. As soon as he entered the library, I asked how he had found and left Emily.

"She is very ill," he replied, in a tone which immediately awakened my fears.

"Is she much worse than last night?" I inquired.

"Yes," said he.

"Is she dangerously ill?"

"Yes," he replied, turning his eye away from me, "very dangerously."

"But is she lying very low?" I asked, pressing my questions in quick succession.

"At the lowest!" he returned.

"What! dying?" I exclaimed—my own words sending a creeping chill through my frame as I spoke.

"Not at this moment," said he; "but she must soon sink away."

This announcement was so sudden, and seemed so full of despair, that I shall never forget how I wept and trembled!

"But she did not seem to be sinking," I at length remarked.

"No," he returned, "not when she was awake; but she is now asleep, and her strength will ebb away while she sleeps."

"Can nothing be done for her?" I asked.

I could not help putting questions, even though the answers pierced me like arrows.

"Nothing more!"

"But is there no hope?" I still inquired, my heart beating violently, and my whole frame trembling.

"None."

"Can it be possible!" I exclaimed—"and she has been ill scarcely a week! Last Friday she was at the florist's with me, in the bloom of health, her cheeks as red as the roses, and now"—here I hid my face in my hands, and again burst into tears.

"Did Charles tell you," I asked, after a moment, "what she said to us this morning?"

"Yes—that she believed she was going to die."

"Nothing else?"

"No."

"Did he not mention any letters?"

"He merely remarked that she had been excited by late news from her mother."

"I hinted to you," said I, "that there was a singular circumstance connected with her illness. Charles has continually insisted that the idea was foolish, and for this reason has not mentioned it to you. But here are two letters from Emily's mother, who lives in Barbadoes. I wish to read to you an extract from each. They are of different dates, but both came by the same mail. It is likely that the first was posted too late for the vessel, which sailed a day earlier than was expected. Here is the first; her mother says—

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"'You may think it a very trivial circumstance, my dear Emily, and may call me foolish for troubling myself about it, yet I cannot help mentioning a little thing that has caused me great uneasiness. The other day I went into the garden for some little blossom or flower to remind you that Spring has already come in Barbadoes. When I came into the house, I missed from my hand my wedding-ring. I immediately went back, and searched among the vines and flower-beds, but could not find it. I have since had a search made through garden, yard and house, but the ring has not been discovered. If I were inclined to superstition, I should know how to regard the omen. It is said to be a sign of sudden death. Of course, I put no faith in such tokens, and yet I will frankly confess that my mind has been troubled. Now, I fancy to myself how you and Charles are smiling!'

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"'When this letter was received,' said I, "it was read at the tea-table, and we all smiled—none more than Emily herself. Immediately afterwards the other letter was read, but even this did not turn our smiles into seriousness.

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"'You have not forgotten,' writes her mother, 'the little foolish incident which I mentioned in my last letter. What shall I say this time? I am troubled more than ever! The ring has not been found, and, what is more, the old mirror in the back parlor fell down from the wall on Tuesday night, and in the morning was found broken to pieces! You remember how the other glass fell, in the same manner, just before Margaret died. My dear daughter, I do not know how to interpret these things, or whether they admit of an interpretation. But everybody says that the sign augurs a sudden death in the family, and I will not conceal from you that I am sometimes greatly distressed with this idea.'

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"What do you think of this?" I asked, after I had finished reading. "Is it not singular?"

"Who was Margaret?" inquired the doctor.

"She was Emily's younger sister, who died three years ago, in Barbadoes."

"It is a striking coincidence," he observed.

"Do you think it is only a coincidence?" I asked.

"Yes, for I do not believe," said he, "that Margaret died because a glass was broken, or that her sister will die because a ring was lost."

"But is it not strange," said I, "that when Margaret was to die, a forewarning should be given, and now, when Emily is about to die, the same thing should be repeated?"

"I do not believe," he replied, "that there is any necessary connection between the signs and the significations. But I confess that such a coincidence, happening twice, or happening only once, is somewhat singular."

He then remarked that Emily's fever had no doubt been aggravated by the excitement consequent upon brooding over the letters. I replied that she had never mentioned or thought of them till that morning, when they excited her only a few moments.

I had some further conversation with him, in which I asked how long Emily might linger. He replied,

"Possibly till nightfall—probably not so long."

"Did you inform her husband?" I asked.

"Yes," said he; "he knows all."

He then withdrew, and I hastened up stairs. I found Charles sitting close by the bedside. As I entered, he motioned with his hand that I should not speak. Emily was asleep. I walked lightly to the bed and looked down on her face. Her cheeks, which in the morning had been flushed with fever, were now gradually losing their color. Yet a delicate blush still overspread them; and as she had lost none of her roundness of features during the short period of her illness, she was as beautiful at the point of death as she had ever been in the bloom of life.

She slept nearly three hours. At length she awoke, greatly exhausted and hardly able to speak. We had not noticed, until she opened her eyes, how great a change was passing over her. But now the whole expression of her face seemed unnatural and almost unearthly. Charles was greatly moved, and at first turned his face away. In a few moments, Emily again closed her eyes, and relapsed into a half slumber, apparently from weakness. I sat down by her bedside and sobbed aloud. The slight noise aroused her. She opened her eyes, and, looking at me, said,

"I am going!"

The next moment, turning her head slightly as if in search of some one, her eye fell upon Charles.

"My husband!" she said, "kiss me!"

He put his lips to hers—his eyes brimming with tears, and his voice trembling with emotion as he uttered her name.

"Emily! my dear Emily!"

She closed her eyes a few moments, as if to rest and gather strength to speak again. At length, calling her husband by name, she said, pausing between the words,

"I am sorry for your sake . . . not for mine. . . . You will be alone . . . but do not grieve . . . It is the will of God."

These words again exhausted her, and she was for several minutes silent. During her drowsiness, Charles lifted from her forehead a tress of her black hair that had fallen across it. The touch of his hand wakened her, and she spoke again.

"I am growing weaker and weaker," she said, immediately adding, in a tone less audible, "yet stronger and stronger."

As I had not yet spoken to her, I asked,

"How does death seem to you?"

"Not as death, but as life," said she, eagerly; "there is no death." Then, sinking her voice almost into a whisper, as if communing with herself, rather than speaking to us, we heard her say,

"I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

After a brief silence, her husband inquired if she was without pain, when she suddenly thrilled us with the exclamation,

"There!—there!—look there!"

He repeated his inquiry, but she immediately exclaimed,

"Do you see? . . . They are there!"

"What do you see?" he asked.

"They are beckoning to me," she said, closing her eyes, and smiling as if she had seen a vision of angels.

"Do you know me?" asked Charles, bending over her, and taking her hand in his.

Without opening her eyes, she stirred slightly, and appeared to recognize the words, but to mistake the speaker.

"Yes, I know you . . . you have come to take me away"—then adding, in a lower voice, "I will arise and go unto my Father!"

"Emily!" exclaimed Charles, who was now almost heart-broken, and who strove to call her to consciousness by the familiar sound of her name. "Emily! speak to me once more!"

She opened her eyes, looked up into his face, and clearly and sweetly uttered his name—

"Charles!"

Her eyes then closed again, and she fell into a stupor. We all gathered around her bedside. In a few moments, her face became suddenly lighted with a most beautiful expression, as if it had received a divine illumination. When now I think of it, I cannot but recall the lines,

"Her spirit wander'd far, and won
A golden edge from some unsetting sun."

She lay a few moments entirely motionless. Then her lips moved, as if she were speaking to herself. At length we heard, in low, broken words,

"My feet shall stand . . . within thy gates . . . O Jerusalem!"

We stood around her, weeping, and waiting to hear if she would utter one more word before leaving us forever. But the angel who came for her had already led her away! The gates of the city had opened, and my dear sister Emily had passed in!

—She was so beautiful in death that we could hardly believe she had died. Even after the grave had hid her from our sight, we could hardly realize that we had lost her. Our grief after so sudden a bereavement found but a faint consolation in the beautiful memory which she left behind. We could not help thinking of her mother's letters, and their strange forebodings which at last had come too true. Nor could we fail to recall what now seemed scarcely less ominous than the foreshadowings in the letters—the words which Emily had spoken at the gateway at the end of the flower-path, which now at last had ended at the grave! We did not remember, on that wedding-day, how "the grass withereth and the flower fadeth!"

In a few days after her death, a letter with a black seal was dropped into the mail for Barbadoes, in which Charles, after narrating the painful circumstances to her mother, wrote these words:

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"You wrote that you had lost your wedding-ring. I now send you Emily's, to take its place. Wear it for her sake and mine!"

THE MIGRATIONS OF NATIONS—THE CRUSADES AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the German of SCHILLER.

THE new system of associated government, which, born in the north of Europe and Asia, had been brought in with the new races of people upon the ruins of the Western Empire, had now had a period of nearly seven centuries to try itself upon this new and mighty theatre, and, in new relations, to unfold itself in all its kinds and varieties, and to run through its various forms and changes. The descendants of the Vandals, the Suevi, the Alanes, the Goths, the Hemli, the Lombards, the Franks, the Burgundians, and many more, were at last *settled* upon the soil which their ancestors had trodden, sword in hand, when the spirit of wandering and plunder that had led them into this new Fatherland, at the end of the eleventh century, was again awakened among them in another form and through other causes. Europe now gave back to south-western Asia the wandering hordes and the devastation that, seven hundred years before, she had received and suffered from the northern part of that country, but with very differing fortune; for as many streams of blood as it had cost the Barbarians to found eternal kingdoms in Europe, so many it cost their Christian descendants to conquer a few cities and fortresses in Syria, which they were to lose forever two centuries after.

The folly and madness which gave birth to the plan of the crusades, and the violence which had accompanied its execution, would scarcely invite an eye that is limited by the present time to delay thereon. But if we regard this event in connection with the centuries which preceded it, and those which followed after, it appears to us too natural in its beginning to move our wonder, and too beneficent in its consequences not to change our dislike to quite a different feeling. If one regards causes, this expedition of the Christians to the "Holy Land" is so natural, yes, so necessary a product of their century, that if one had laid before the eyes of a person quite ignorant of the subject the historical premises of the event in their order, he must of himself have fallen upon it. If one regards its workings, he recognizes in it the first marked step whereby superstition began itself to correct the evils which, for centuries, it had inflicted upon the human race, and there is perhaps no historic problem that time has more clearly solved than this—none wherein the Genius that spins the threads of the history of the world has more satisfactorily vindicated itself against the reason of man.

From the unnatural and enervating quiet in which old Rome had plunged all the peoples on whom she had forced herself as mistress, from the enfeebling slavery wherein she had smothered the busiest powers of a thickly peopled territory, we see the human race wandering through the lawless, stormy freedom of the Middle ages, at last to find repose in the happy mean between the two extremes, and beneficently to bind together Freedom and Order, Peace and Activity, Variety and Harmony.

There can scarcely be a question whether the happy condition which we now enjoy, and of which we with certainty recognize the approaches, at least, toward that fairest state which the race of men once enjoyed, so to be indeed esteemed again, and whether we have truly bettered ourselves in comparison with the noblest times of Greece and Rome. Greece and Rome could at the most produce only noble *Greeks*, noble *Romans*; the nations, even in their finest epochs, never rose to noble *men*. The world outside Greece was a barbaric desert to the Athenian; and we know that he even reckoned this among his blessings. The Romans were punished through their own arm, when they had left upon the whole great theatre of their rule only Roman citizens and Roman slaves. None of our States had a Roman citizenship to divide; but we therefore possess a good, that, if he would remain a Roman, no Roman could know—and we possess it from a hand that steals from none what it gives to one, and what it has once given never takes back—we have the Freedom of Man; a good which—how very different from the citizenship of the Romans!—increases in value, the greater the number of those who share it with us, that, dependent upon no changing form of government, upon no state convulsion, rests upon the firm basis of reason and concord.

The gain is thus apparent, and the question is simply this: Was there no nearer way to this goal? Could not this heathful change unfold itself less violently from the Roman state, and must the human race necessarily pass over the mournful extent of time from the fourth to the sixteenth century?

Reason cannot endure in an anarchical world. Always striving after harmony, she incurs danger in defence of unhappy Order, rather than submit to be deprived of it with indifference.

Were the migrations of the people and the middle ages which followed a necessary condition of our better time?

Asia can give us some solution of this. Wherefore bloomed behind the march of Alexander no free Greek states? Wherefore do we see China, condemned to a sad permanence, grow old in eternal childhood? Because Alexander conquered with humanity, because the little band of his Greeks vanished among the millions of the Great King, because the hordes of Mantschu were lost imperceptibly in monstrous China. They had only subdued the men; the laws and customs, the religion and state remained victors. For despotically-ruled states there is no safety but in downfall. Merciful conquerors only bring them colonists, nourish the dry corpse, and can do nothing but render its sickness eternal. Would the infected land not poison the sound conqueror, would the German in Gaul not deteriorate into the Roman, as the Greek in Babylon degenerated into the Persian, then must the form be broken which might be dangerous to his spirit of imitation, and upon the new theatre that he now treads he must remain in every respect the stronger party.

The Scythian Desert opened and poured out a rough race upon the Occident. Its path is marked with blood. Cities sink behind it in ashes; with equal fury it tramples upon the works of the hand of man and the fruits of the field; Pestilence and Hunger recover what Fire and Sword have forgotten; but Life is destroyed only that by this means a better life may bud forth in its place. We will not number the corpses it heaps up, nor the cities that it lays in ashes. Fairer will they arise under the hands of Freedom, and a better race of men will dwell in them. All the arts of Beauty and of Splendor, of Luxury and refinement go down; costly monuments built for eternity sink in the dust, and a mad, absolute will dares to wallow in the fine machinery of a cunningly-contrived order; but even in this wild tumult is busy the hand of Order, and whatever of the treasures of the afore-time is destined to the coming races is saved, unmarked, from the destructive fury of the present. A desert gloom now spreads itself out over the broad ruin, and the miserable and worn-out remnant of its inhabitants offers to a new conquerer little alike of resistance or of attraction.

Room is now made upon the stage, and a new race of people takes possession of it, centuries ago, quietly and unknown to itself, brought forth in the northern forests, as a quickening colony of the exhausted West. Rough and wild are its laws, its customs; but it honors, in its rude way, Human Nature, which the monarch honored not in his cultivated slaves. Unmoved, as if he were still in *Salic* earth, and untempted by the gifts the subjected Roman offered him, the Frank remained true to the laws that had made him conquerer; too proud and too wise to take from the hands of the unfortunate the implements of fortune. Upon the ash-heaps of Roman magnificence he pitched his nomadic tent, set up the iron spear, his greatest good, upon the conquered soil, planted it before the judgment-seat, and even Christianity itself, would it in other ways restrain the wild race, must gird on the terrible sword.

And now all hands are far removed from the son of Nature. Broken are the bridges between Byzantium and Marseilles, between Alexandria and Rome; the timid merchant hastens home, and the land-united ship lies dismasted on the strand. A waste of waters and mountains, a night of wild customs rolls before the entrance of Europe; the whole land is fast closed.

A weary, heavy, remarkable struggle now begins, the rough German spirit strives with the charms of a new heaven, with new passions, with the silent force of example, with the legacy of conquered Rome, which still lies in wait for him in the new Father-land in a thousand snares, and woe to the successor of a Clodius, who, upon the theatre of a Trajan's rule, fancies himself a Trajan! A thousand swords are drawn, to call to his memory the Scythian wilderness. It is hard to unite lust for power with freedom, daring with security; cunning strives to ensnare courage, the terrible right of the strong comes back, and for centuries we never see the smoking steel grow cold. A mournful night, that overshadows all heads, settles down over all Europe, and only a few sparks of light came out, which rendered the succeeding darkness so much the more fearful. Eternal Order seemed to have fled from the helm of the world, or, whilst she pursued a distant aim, to have abandoned the present race. But, an impartial mother of all her children, she preserved, meanwhile, the weakness prostrate at the foot of the altar, and against the fate, from which she could not free it, she strengthened its heart with the faith of submission. She entrusted customs to the guard of a confused Christianity, and permitted the middle race to lean upon this wavering support, which she will destroy for a stronger angel.

But in this long war states and their people warm alike; the German spirit strives powerfully against the heart-ensnaring Despotism which oppressed the too early wearied Romans; the fountain of Freedom springs up in living streams; and, safe and unconquered, the later race arrives at the fair century when it at last, led thither through the united labor of Fortune and of Man, shall wed the Light of Thought with the Strength of Resolution, Insight with Hero-courage. Though Rome produced Scipio and Fabius, she lacked the sages who should have pointed out a goal for her courage; when her sages flourish, Despotism had destroyed its victim, and the benefit of their appearance was lost in the enervated century. The Greek virtue, too, in the glorious times of Pericles and Alexander, reached no farther and when Haroun taught his Arabs to think, the glow of its bosom had grown cold. It was a better genius that watched over new Europe. The long warlike training of the middle ages had brought down to the sixteenth century a sound, strong race, and educated as powerful champions of Reason, that now unfurls her banner.

In what other region of the earth has the mind set the heart in a glow, or Truth (1) armed the hand of the hero? Where else but here has one seen the phenomenon of the syllogisms of the peaceful inquirer becoming the battlecry of murderous conflicts, of the voice of self-love being silenced by the stronger force of conviction, of man at last esteeming the *noblest* as the *most precious*? The sublimest effort of Greek or Roman virtue never raised itself above the duties of a citizen, or never but in one wise man, whose name is already the greatest reproach of his age; the noblest offering which the nation brought in its heroic time was brought to the Father-land. At the conclusion of the middle ages alone was seen an enthusiasm which sacrificed even the Father-land to the loftier Idol of Reason. And wherefore *here* alone, and but *once* here, this phenomenon? Because in Europe alone, and here only at the end of the middle ages, Energy of Will walked with the Light of Understanding, here alone a Race still manly was placed in the arms of Wisdom.

Through the whole realm of history we see that the unfolding of states keeps very unequal pace with the unfolding of mind. States are annual plants, which fade in one short summer, and from the fulness of their sap fall quickly into decay; Enlightenment is a plant of slow growth, which needs for its ripening a favoring heaven, many cares and a long succession of springs. And whence this difference? Because states are entrusted to the passions which find their origin in the breast of every man, but Enlightenment to understanding, which unfolds itself only by foreign art, and to the fortune of the discoveries which Time and Chance bring but slowly together. How often will the *one* plant bloom and wither before the *other* has once matured? How rare also is it that states wait for Enlightenment, that the *late* Reason finds yet the *early* freedom? Once only in the whole history of the world has Providence proposed to itself this problem, and we have seen how it solved it. Through the long war of the middle century *Political* Life holds itself fresh in Europe, until at last the material was collected for the development of the *Moral*. (2)

Only Europe has states which are at once enlightened, civilized and unconquered, everywhere else Wildness is joined with Freedom, and Servitude with Culture. But, too, Europe alone has struggled through a warlike age and only the devastation of the fifth and sixth centuries, could have caused that warlike age. It is not the blood of its ancestors, not the character of its race, which guarded our fathers from the yoke of subjection, for their equally free-born brothers, the Turkomans and Mantschus, have bent their heads beneath despotism. It is not the European soil and sky which spared them this fate, for upon this same soil and beneath this same sky the Gauls and the Britons, the Etruscans and Lusitanians, endured the Roman yoke. The sword of the Vandals and the Huns that mowed mercilessly through Europe, and the powerful race that took possession of the cleared stage, and from a thousand-years-war came out *unconquered*—these are the creators of our present happiness; and so we find again the spirit of Order, in the two most fearful phenomena which History furnishes.

I believe no apology is needed for this long digression. The great Epochs of History knit themselves so exactly together that one cannot be rendered clear without the other; and the event of the Crusades is only the beginning of the solution of the problem that was given to the philosopher of History in the Migrations of Races.

It is in the thirteenth century when the Genius of the World, who spun creating in the darkness, tore away the covering to show a part of his work. The gloomy cloud-covering, which for a thousand years had hung around the European horizon, parted itself at this period, and a clearer heaven appeared. The united misery of *ecclesiastical uniformity* and *political discord*, the Hierarchy and the Feudal system, complete and worn out by the end of the eleventh century, must in its most monstrous birth, in the tumult of the Holy Wars, prepare its own destruction.

A fanatic zeal sprang up again in the closed West, and the son, come of age, steps out from his father's house. Astonished, he sees himself among new people, rejoices by the Thracian Bosphorus in his freedom and courage, blushes in Byzantium at his rude taste, his ignorance, his wildness, and is terrified in Asia at his poverty. What he took there and brought home the annals of Europe testify; the history of the Orient, if we had one, might tell us what he gave and left behind him in return. But does it not appear that the Frankish hero-spirit had yet breathed a fleeting life into the perishing Byzantium? Suddenly it gathered up its strength with its commerce, and strengthened through the short visit of the Germans, it went down with a stately step to death.

Behind the Crusader, the merchant built his bridges, and the recovered tie between the Evening and the Morning, hastily knotted by a martial whim, was confirmed and made eternal by loftier commerce. The Levantine ship greeted again its well-known waters, and its rich lading summoned greedy Europe to industry. Soon it will do without the uncertain guidance of Arcturus, and, with a sure dictator within itself, confidently venture on the untracked sea.

Asia's desires followed the European to his home—but here his woods know him no more and other pennons wave above his towers. Displaced in his Father-land to shine upon the banks of the Euphrates, he gives up at last the cherished idol of his independence and his hostile lordship and suffers his slaves to obtain with gold the rights of nature. Voluntarily he now surrenders his arm to the chain that adorns it, but which binds the hitherto unconquered. The majesty of Kings raises itself while the *slaves of the field* take their rank as *Men*; from the sea of desolation, rise, won from misery, a new fruitful land, *Communityship*.

He alone, who was the soul of the undertaking, and had caused all Christendom to work for *his* greatness, the *Romish Heirarch*, sees his hopes destroyed. Striving after an image of clouds in the Orient, he lost a certain crown in the Occident. His strength was the weakness of kings; anarchy and civil war the exhausted armory, whence he drew his thunders. Now, too, he launched them forth—but now came to oppose him the secured power of the kings. No anathema, no Heaven-closing interdict, no absolution from the sacred duties that bound the subjects to their legitimate ruler. It was in vain that he strove against Time, which had built for him his throne, and now sent it headlong down. This terrible form of the middle ages was born of superstition and reared by discord. So weak were its roots, so quickly and terribly could it grow up in the eleventh century—its equal no age of the world had yet seen. Who perceived in the enemy of the holiest Freedom that it was to be sent to the aid of Freedom? When strife arose between kings and nobles, he threw himself between the unequal combatants and healed the dangerous breach, until in the third rank arose a better champion, to destroy the creature in an instant. Nourished in turmoil, it disappeared in order; the birth of night, it vanished in the light. But did the Dictator also vanish who came to the aid of prostrate Rome against Pompey? Or Pisistratus, who separated the factions of Athens? Rome and Athens went out from civil war to slavery—new Europe to Freedom. Why was Europe more fortunate? Because here was wrought out through a passing phantom what there occurred in continuing night—because here alone was found an aim, which was strong enough to hinder oppression, yet too weak to practise it itself.

How man sows in one way, and how Destiny bids him reap in another! To chain Asia to the footstool of his throne, the Holy Father gave up to the sword of the Saracens a million of his hero-sons, but with them he has withdrawn the strongest supports of his throne. The nobility dreams of new pretensions and of new crowns to be won, and brings back a more obedient heart to the feet of its rightful monarch. Forgiveness of sins and the joys of Paradise seek the pious pilgrim at the Holy Sepulchre, and to him alone is more rendered than was promised. In Asia he again finds his manhood, and he brings to his European brothers from out this realm the seed of *Freedom*, an inheritance immeasurably more valuable than the keys of Jerusalem or the nails of the Savior's Cross.

(1) Or what is so considered. It is necessary to say no more than that it here depends not on the *value* of the *Material*, but on the undertaken *labor* of the *Work*; upon the *industry*, not on the *product*. Whatever it might be for which they fought, it was always a war for *Reason*; for through Reason alone had one acquired the right thereto, and for this right alone they only justly struggled.

(2) *Freedom* and *Culture*, both in their highest fulness so inseparably united, and through this union alone reaching their highest fullness, so difficult are they to unite in their existence. Quiet is the beginning of Culture, yet nothing is more dangerous to Freedom than quiet. All the cultivated nations of antiquity purchased their Culture with their Freedom, *because they received their peace from subjection*. And therefore their Culture brought them to distinction, because it arose from the corruptible. Would the new race of men be spared that sacrifice, that is, should Freedom and Culture be united in it, that it must receive its peace in quite another way than from Despotism. There was no other way possible than by laws, and these only a free man can give to himself. But he resolves to do this only through knowledge and experience of their necessity or of the evil results of their opposites. He determines beforehand everything which shall happen and shall be maintained; so too he can be forced to this only through the evil consequences of lawlessness. But lawlessness is only of short duration and leads with swift pace to absolute power. Before Reason found laws anarchy would soon have ended in Despotism. Would also Reason find the time to give laws to itself, Lawlessness must have been of long duration, which occurred in the middle ages.

THE FRENCHWOMAN AT HOME.—She helps to cook the dinner she has bought—for servants are wasteful with the charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvellous place, a French kitchen, where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring giants of coal fires have no conception of, she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant, and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The dinner of a French family *i* cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew pan—sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables, dressed and eaten separately, and sometimes (not always) a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be the cheapest and the ripest in the season. But there is very little of each thing, and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little in eating, and they eat inferior things; though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home, the great aim of the French is to save, and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating and in the luxury of mere idleness. No French woman will spend a shilling to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray-horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon, or a new pair of gloves, than lie on the softest sofa in the world, in placid fine-ladyism, with crumpled gauze or bare hands.—*Lady's Treasury.*

THE BURNS CENTENARY IN LONDON.

THE fete at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday was attended by a less number than was expected, the total visitors being 14,304 only. Mr. Hayes, the superintendent of the Fine Arts department, had extemporized immediately under the great orchestra an exceedingly chaste and handsome "court of the poets," all the decorations of which had more or less reference to the business of the day. In some of the panels were pages from poor Burns's account book, in which the gains of his earlier works were carefully summed up. This was the poet's ledger, and a great curiosity it was. Then, in another frame was, preciously preserved, the rough draught of one of his ballads, and it told of the facility with which he composed, there being only two words—short words—altered in five verses of four lines each. In one case also were only two locks of hair, one light brown, taken from the ploughman's head in youth; the other, silver grey, the contribution of "Jean Armour," when near the close of her earthly pilgrimage. Very small and insignificant objects they were both, hardly to be seen until you got up close to the glass, and yet it seemed as if nothing was looked at with more intense interest. There was also a large picture of Burns's installation as laureate to a masonic lodge in Edinburgh, which was interesting as marking the time and the place when the poor fellow began to be beset with the temptations which ruined him at last. The whole of these relics were objects of intense curiosity, being surrounded by thousands of persons during the day.

At twelve o'clock precisely the great organ pealed forth a strain of appropriate music, and, a curtain being suddenly let fall, the whole of the poet's court and its precious contents were at once disclosed to the company. A loud cheer resounded through the building, and immediately the boys' band of the Caledonian Asylum played an inspiriting Scottish air. From that moment until two o'clock, when the regular concert began, the sound of national airs might be heard in every corner. After the first portion of the concert, preparations were at once commenced for reading the poem, and it is needless to add that this was a moment of great excitement and expectation. Mr. Grove appeared upon the platform holding a mysterious packet, and received a distinct round of applause. Then the workmen proceeded to cover the front rail with scarlet cloth, which, when properly extended, showed in the centre the word "Silence," printed in large white letters. This was the signal for a general laugh, but the hint was at once taken and obeyed. Then Mr. Phelps came forward and had a hearty recognition, which was succeeded by a death-like silence as he proceeded to open the larger letter, which had been with due form handed to him by Mr. Grove. Another moment and he raises his voice—he has been requested to announce that the author of the successful poem is "Isa Craig, of Ranelagh street, Pimlico." Now there is a general buzz and universal surprise. Professor Aytoun had been the favorite, and "Isa Craig" was entirely a "dark horse." "Who is Isa Craig?" "Is it a man or a woman?" "Is she here?" and a thousand similar observations, ran round like lightning. Then the outsiders got boisterous, they had heard but indistinctly, and were clamorous for a placard. The fortunate poet of Pimlico had a dozen names in as many minutes, until at last the placard appeared, order was restored, and the reading began. As the poem is not a very long one, we give it entire, leaving the task of criticism to an impartial and discriminating public. Mr. Phelps's reading left nothing to be desired. Accustomed to speak to large audiences, the eminent actor pitched his voice so that it reached the extremities of his immense circle, and his slow, measured accents, gave its full value to every separate word.—*London Inquirer.*

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